The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

There are lots of presidential candidates on the course. The following is a list of the nominations thus far announced:

REPUBLICAN.
President—James G. Blaine, Maine.
Vice President—John A. Logan, Ill.
DEMOCRATIC.
President—Grover Cleveland, N. Y.
Vice President—Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana.
PROHIBITION HOME PROTECTION.
President—John P. St. John, Kansas.
Vice President—
AMERICAN PROHIBITION.
President—S. C. Pomeroy, Kansas.
Vice President—J. A. Conant, Con.
GREENBACK-LABOR.
President—Benjamin F. Butler, Mass.
Vice President—A. M. West, Miss.
ANTI-MONOPOLY.
President—Benjamin F. Butler, Mass.
Vice President—No nominee.

Why is Blaine like the Keeley motor? Bekase he's no go.

Mr. Conkling's organ, the Utica *Press*, declares for Cleveland, which, it is supposed, represents the ex-Senator's views.

President Arthur issued a proclamation against cholera. How funny it would be if he were the first to take it.

The prevailing impression in Washington is that ex-Senator Wallace will be elected as chairman of the national democratic committee.

A Republican picked up Blaine's letter of acceptance and seeing the acreage it covered, remarked to his better-half, "Sally, I'll bet its a good one, and I'll wait until the holidays, when I have time to read it all."

A. O. Furst, of the Bellefonte bar, has been requested by over 800 signers to a letter addressed to him to be a candidate for Judge before the Centre County Republican Convention and has acceded to the request. Yet all is not Lovely.

Blaine has large coal operations in Pennsylvania. He does not employ American laborers, but has Scandinavians and Italians who work for 60 to 70 cents per day. Yet Blaine in his letter talks about protecting and fostering American labor.

The other evening while observing a passing thunder shower, we observed a streak of lightning plainly describe the letter C. It was soon followed by another flash which forked and showed an H Omen: "Lightning will strike" Cleveland and Hendricks.

A prominent Tammany politician who represents what was the most earnest opposition to Cleveland's nomination, says that he knows there will be no bolt in Tammany. The whole organization he says will give Cleveland their hearty support and he will poll the entire Democratic vote of the state, besides the large Independent acquisition.

The laboring classes constitute the main part of our population. They should be protected in their effort peaceably to assert their rights when endangered by aggregated capital, and all statutes on this subject should recognize the care of the State for honest toil and be framed with a view of improving the condition of the workingman.—Grover Cleveland.

They are rough on horse thieves in Indiana. Five unknown horse thieves were hanged near Rocky Point, on the Missouri river, on 22, by a band of cowboys, organized for the purpose of clearing out the thieves infesting that section. Thirty-two stolen horses were recovered. This makes a total of thirteen horse thieves hanged and shot in Judith and Musselshell section within the three past weeks.

There is information from the station agents on the entire southwest system, the Wabash, west of the Mississippi, and the St. Louis and San Francisco, Texas St. Louis, and Topeka and Santa Fe railroads, to the effect that the outlook for all kinds of crops was never better. The live stock and wool yields on the Rio Grande division of the Missouri Pacific are said to have increased fully 100 per cent. over last year.

DEMOCRATIC TARIFF POLICY.

As laid down in the Chicago platform it accords with the views of the great body of the Democratic party of the Union, particularly in the manufacturing States. It lays down as a fact and principle that: "From the foundation of this Government taxes collected at the Custom House have been the chief source of Federal revenue; such they must continue to be. Moreover, many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, so that any change of law must be at every step regardful of the labor and capital thus involved." There is no free trade or "revenue only" there. It recognizes, as does the Republican platform, the necessity of Tariff revision, but declares that "in making reduction in [tariff] rates it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth," and further declares that the necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rate of wages prevailing in this country.

This clearly enunciates the principle and duty of incidental protection. Nothing is surer than that in the near future there will be tariff reform and revision; that many abuses and extortions will be cut off, and that while duties may be laid in the interest of American industries and labor they will not be imposed to build up monster monopolies.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN.

The democratic national committee met at the Fifth Avenue hotel, on 24, and selected William H. Barnum, of Connecticut, by acclamation, to be chairman for the ensuing four years. Senator W. A. Wallace and W. L. Scott, of this state, and Senator Gorman, of Maryland, were proposed, but each in turn declined the office. Ex-Senator Barnum was thereupon unanimously chosen.

Mr. Barnum is a prominent iron manufacturer of Connecticut. He has served two terms in the house of representatives and one in the senate of the United States' congress. He served as chairman of the national committee during the campaigns of '76 and '80. In the former he won and in the latter he lost. In both he exhibited not only a great measure of industry, but remarkable ingenuity and ability.

Eighteen of the Republican members of the Huntingdon bar have addressed a letter to K. Allen Lovell, of that city, asking him to be a candidate for President Judge of this judicial district. Mr. Lovell replied consenting to be a candidate. It is not probable that he will have any Republican competitor in that county for the nomination. A. O. Furst and John G. Love, Republicans, and Adam Hoy, Democrat, of Bellefonte, and R. Bruce Petrikin and John M. Bailey, Democrats, of Huntingdon, are also candidates.

In Southern Indiana and northern part of Kentucky farmers are in a very bad condition from drouth. The tobacco acreage is more than the average but most of it is ruined, and all will be unless rain comes soon. Many potato fields are not worth digging. The pastures are dried up that the stock must be fed. The corn will soon be ruined. Such a protracted drouth was never before known.

Blaine's letter of acceptance is likely to ruin all the book-publishers of the life of the plumed knight. The price of the books was given before the length of Blaine's letter was known; the volumes will now have to be so large, and the previously published price so inadequate, that a general bust-up of Blaine's historians is inevitable, followed by the suspension of the firm of Blaine & Logan in November—with enormous lie-abilities.

Senator Hoar names four Southern States which can never vote for Cleveland unless "wrested from their Republican majorities by crime, and fraud." This is an admission of defeat in advance and a threat to resort to the practices of '76 in the face of whatever majorities these States may give to the Democratic ticket. We advise these gentlemen to go slow in engineering a movement of that sort, as it certainly will never again be permitted in peace. Senator Hoar should bear in mind that there is still hemp left for rebels like him, and if he undertakes to inaugurate another presidential steal he may swing as high as Haman.

It seems to be about settled that John Kelley and Tammany will support Cleveland. This will raise the Democratic majority for Cleveland in New York from 50,000 to 70,000.

TAMMANY ALL RIGHT.

Congressman S. S. Cox said in answer to a question as to the course he thought Tammany likely to take: "Tammany will be all right. When the time comes the boys will be all found on deck in line for the regular ticket. It is an organization of from fifty to sixty thousand men, and they know a good thing when they see it. They are not going to throw away their chances of the plums that may come to them in case the democratic party get into power, and they know they can help in accomplishing that result."

THE INDEPENDENTS.

Big Assemblage of Dissatisfied Republicans at New York.

New York, July 22.—The meeting of independents opposed to Blaine and Logan was announced to-day at the University Club theatre of this city. For an hour before the time fixed there was an unusual stir at the generally quiet locality, and inside the corridors of the little theatre a consultation of independents was briskly carried on. Among the more prominent faces noticeable were those of George William Curtis and Carl Schurz. The latter was the centre of an interesting and animated group. Clarence Bowen, of the *Independent*, and others of the seceding members of the Brooklyn republican club, were present. The secretaries made up lists of those who were to be present, which showed that Massachusetts was more unmerously represented than any other state except New York. A few from New Jersey and Connecticut and some from more distant states were on the roll, which at 11 o'clock was still incomplete.

Among the prominent members of the independent party present were Carl Schurz, Clarence W. Bowen, Benjamin H. Bristow, W. C. Beecher and Francis C. Barlow.

The members of the independent executive committee of Massachusetts were all present. They are Charles R. Codman, president; Moses Williams, secretary, and Phineas Prince, Winslow Warren, George Frederick Williams and Mansfield Strong.

The appearance of George William Curtis on the platform evoked cheers and applause.

Mr. Curtis called the conference to order near noon, and welcomed the delegates. He read the call of the conference, and when he reached that portion of it which related to the republican "who will not vote for Blaine and Logan," he was interrupted by hearty applause.

Charles R. Codman was elected president. The list of vice presidents and enrolment committee was read, including Carl Schurz, Gen. Barlow and C. J. Bonaparte, of Maryland.

When the conference reassembled the secretary made a statement in regard to letters received by the New York committee from citizens in the various states "from Maine to California," showing an extraordinary number of signers to the new declaration of independence.

THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

Pittsburg, July 23.—The delegates to the prohibition convention are nearly all on the ground. The total number is about 400 and there are about twice as many alternates and visitors. The hotel lobbies are crowded with delegates who are canvassing. The national committee met this afternoon and elected William Daniels, of Baltimore, temporary chairman of the convention. The friends of ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, now claim his nomination on first ballot notwithstanding the fact that he has written a letter declining the honor.

The Pennsylvania delegation held a lively caucus this morning and decided to present the name of Hon. James Black, of Lancaster, for the presidential nomination, and stand by him as long as there was a possibility of his getting it.

On Thursday, 24, the names of R. H. McDonald, Hon. James Black and John P. St. John were put in nomination. The nominations of Black and McDonald were withdrawn and John P. St. John received the nomination by acclamation.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN.

New York, July 24.—At 11:40 a. m. the democratic national committee was called to order by Senator Corman, of Maryland, Mr. Barnum having been suddenly called away. The session was an executive one, all reporters being excluded.

Mr. H. O. Thompson, of New York, made a motion that William H. Barnum be elected permanent chairman of the committee. This was done by acclamation and unanimously. Upon motion Mr. F. O. Price was re-elected secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Philadelphia, July 23.—The statement of all the business of all lines of the Pennsylvania railroad east of Pittsburg and Erie for June, 1884, as compared with the same month in 1883 shows a decrease in net earnings of $96,116. The six months of 1884 as compared with the same period of 1883 show a decrease in net earnings of $406,584. All the lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for the six months of 1884 show a deficiency in meeting all liabilities of $724,490; being a decrease as compared with the same period of 1883 of $940,164.

DROUTH IN OHIO, INDIANA AND KENTUCKY.

Cincinnati, July 24.—A very serious drouth is now afflicting nearly the whole of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. In many places there has been no rain at all since June 12. Unless rain comes in a week most serious losses will occur.

If Mr. Blaine had edited his letter properly he could have got it all on a postal card.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

REPUBLICAN FAILURE TO PROTECT LABOR.

In the last house of representatives a bill was passed to prevent the importation of foreign labor to this country but it was not considered in the republican senate. There is now no law to prevent the continuance of such importation. Under cover of this fact a firm in Washington has embarked in a scheme to import Hungarian and Italian laborers to this country to supplant American workmen.

THE OHIO VALLEY SUFFERS FROM A FEARFUL DROUTH.

Cincinnati, July 24.—Up to the first day of July the season in the Ohio Valley within a radious of 200 miles from Cincinnati was highly favorable for crops. There were frequent rains and the temperature was in every way such as to promote the growth of the crops. Since that date there has been no general rain in this region, and the local showers have been limited to small areas and have been infrequent and insufficient. Wheat is all harvested and most of it has been threshed. The dry weather has been favorable for harvesting and threshing.

Early sown oats have escaped injury, but the late sown are suffering. Corn is the greatest sufferer of all the grains. In a few fields of low irrigated bottom lands the corn looks vigorous and thrifty, but everywhere else the outlook is already discouraging and is growing more so every day. Corn in fields that are wont to yield from 45 to 75 bushels per acre, is now not more than three or four feet high and in full tassel. Should seasonable weather set in and continue from this time forward such corn might yield three-fourths of the average crop. On the other hand, if the present drouth should continue eight or ten days longer no change of season for the better could save the crop. Further north in Ohio and Indiana and further south in Kentucky the drouth has been unmittigated. Potatoes and garden stuff have been seriously checked in their growth.

To aggravate the situation, the common meadow grasshoppers have increased in a few small areas in the most seriously parched regions, where they have invaded gardens and vineyards and cut down everything before them.

FIERCE WESTERN WINDS.

Milwaukee, July 23.—An unusual severe wind, rain and hail storm passed over Wisconsin on Tuesday night, making a wide track diagonally from the northwest to the southeast, and passing clear over the state. The damage to the growing grain is very heavy, and the property damage already reported will amount to $100,000. At Jefferson, near Watertown, there was a furious tornado, unroofing many buildings and doing great damage generally.

The track of the storm was through the eastern part of the city, and many houses were unroofed and stocks damaged. A German was killed four miles north of here by the blowing over of a barn. At Racine a new Methodist church not quite completed was demolished and many small buildings were damaged. At Kewaskum a large saw mill and dam were wrecked and several barns destroyed by lightning. The giving way of the dam overflowed the town, causing much suffering and damage.

Around Milwaukee the storm was very severe, the greatest damage being to crops of ripening grain. Wheat has been swept to the ground, and as the weather is hot and muggy the grain will spoil before it can fully ripen. A heavy electric wave passed over the northwest, and lightning, like the rain, descending in sheets.

St. Paul, Minn., July 24.—A storm swept over western, central and southern Dakota and southwestern Minnesota about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and Valley City suffers $100,000 worth of wrecked property, and a carpenter was killed and many people injured. The breath of the storm was from five to seven miles. Hailstones were large as hen eggs.

At Dell Rapids the greatest ruin was wrought. Four persons were killed, and several injured. The wind carried a house twenty feet, and then was rolled fifty feet further. A girl, aged ten, was out on the prairie playing, when the wind took her up in the air and carried her more than a mile, dropping her in a slough dead. The storm cloud was a cyclone in character. During the storm it was impossible to see across the street.

STICKERS SURRENDERED.

A countryman named Wm. Stickers, flying to London to escape from rural justice, was appalled at reading on a wall "Bill Stickers, Beware!" He went on a little further, but reading again "Bill Stickers will be punished with the utmost rigor of law," gave himself up for lost and surrendered.

James Speed, of Kentucky, in Lincoln's first cabinet, wrote before the democratic national convention: "Should the democrats give us a gentleman and statesman, I think we had better vote for him."

THE CHOLERA.

Paris, July 23.—All the public schools at Toulon and Marseilles will be closed to-morrow. The French academy of medicine proposes to hold an international congress to discuss the prevention and cure of cholera. Dr Kock has asked that the congress met in Berlin. The medical cholera commission has established a lazaret in the Moabit quarter, with 500 beds. There is no sign of Asiatic cholera in this city.

Marseilles.—In 24 hours ending at 9 p. m. to day there have been 44 deaths from cholera.

A MAD DOG BITES SEVEN PERSONS

Topeka, Kansas, July 25.—Seven persons were bitten by a mad dog yesterday at Newman Station, on the Union Pacific road, fifteen miles east of here.

Kelly wants to know what he can do with Butler; also he wants to know what he can do without him.—New Orleans Picayune.

FROM ELLSWORTH, KANSAS.

MR. EDITOR:—It may be that a few lines from the frontier will be interesting to the readers of the "Reporter," especially when coming from one with whom many of them have been acquainted from childhood. I am now in my 40th year of my age, and I am beginning to feel as Longfellow says, that "Life is real; life is earnest." As I look back over the years that have gone by I call to my mind many whom I formerly knew and with whom I once walked and talked, but who have passed away, and whose faces we shall never see again on earth. It is astonishing how many have died in my native valley since I reside in Kansas. I expect they have gone to their long homes, but the memories of those dear friends and of the happy hours we spent with them still live and will never die. I often think of the boys and girls of my school days; the hard-working and self-denying teachers, whose labors we did not appreciate then but do now. What a satisfaction, what an enjoyment it would be to see them all together once more, and call each other by their old familiar names. But, alas, we are separated by great distances and in all probability will never meet again until we "meet beyond the River."

By the way, I had the pleasure of taking by the hand some of our Centre county, (Brush Valley,) friends not long ago. I was attending our State Sunday School Convention, in the lively, enterprising city of Newton, in Harvey county, when, during the first session of the convention, there came walking up the aisle a man whose face was at once familiar; I went to him at the close of the session, and sure enough it was my old friend Lieut. Simon Spangler, who moved to Harvey Co. last spring. Of course we had a chat, and among other things it was resolved that I must visit the Lieutenant and his interesting family at their home about four miles out of town. Mr. Spangler owns one of the finest farms in that section of country, containing 160 acres. The improvements are fine; the buildings, of course, are not the most desirable, but it will only be a few years until our friend Spangler will build a fine large house, as he is already preparing for the project. The entire farm is fenced with a beautiful Osage orange hedge; his orchard of apples, peaches and plums is the finest I have seen in Kansas. The lane that leads from the main road to the house is shaded on both sides by thrifty cottonwood, maple and box alder trees. On the farm are 58 acres of corn already in silk and tassels; 65 acres of number one wheat, besides other grain, such as rye and oats. The soil is like that of a garden, and the reader will therefore not be surprised to learn that Mr. Spangler's eleven year old son cultivated the greater part of the corn. As I rode out over the farm and beheld the finest crops I ever saw, and seeing the vast plain all around, I soliloquized, "Who would not live in Kansas?"

Let me tell you something about a country further north in the great "Sunflower State." It would be disloyal in me not to say something about my own (Ellsworth) county. Ellsworth Co. is supposed to be the geographical centre of the state. The great Union Pacific R. R. runs through it from east to west, following the line of the Smoky Hill River. The soil of this county is fine and our crops this year are beyond description. Yesterday as I rode a distance of 25 miles over the county the "headers" and self-binders were everywhere at work. It would be a curiosity to Penn's farmers to see one of these headers at work in a wheat field of several hundred acres. We have a number of very fine farms in this county. The celebrated "Elden Farm," for example, of which Jas. L. Dick is the agent and manager. We will call this a farm and cattle ranch. There are 10,000 acres in this farm; 700 of it are in corn, and 15 teams are now daily at work cultivating it. The manager has already put up 600 tons of rye hay, (rye cut and cured before the berry is formed.) On the ground from which he took this rye say he pastured his stock until May 1, and now after it was thus pastured and the above amount of hay made, he has left a sufficient quantity to harvest about 2000 bushels of rye, which he will use to seed 1000 acres in rye this fall.

H. B. Clark, Esq., is the owner of another large sheep ranch consisting of 13,000 acres. This gentleman has 10,000 head of sheep, and they are of such a quality that an expert shearer (it is now shearing time here) cannot shear more than four sheep a day. These sheep are called the Spanish Merino.

Mr. E. W. Wallington has a sheep and cattle ranch of 20,000 acres. This gentleman has 13,000 head of sheep, and a great number of fine imported cattle, of which the finest are from Switzerland.

Captain Millett's ranch contains 30,000 acres, on which there are now grazing 7000 head of cattle. And so we might go on and number more of the fine and large ranches, but the above will suffice.

But the most beautiful, and to the visitors the most attractive part of our county, is that section known as the "Plum Creek flats." These flats contain many hundred acres of the choicest land, and on which are standing the finest crops that human eyes have ever seen. The men who own these farms are in good circumstances, and of course their buildings and improvements are first class. I wish to say to my Pennsvalley friends who may some time pay this county a visit, that you must not fail to take a ride over these celebrated flats, and by so doing enjoy what you never enjoyed in Penn's.

But I am becoming tedious I fear, but let me only say this: The best advice ever given to young men starting out in life was that of the eminent Horace Greely when he said, "Young man, go west." What a pity that not more young men take that advice and make their mark in more than one sense.

I will only add, that our young state is booming, lustily booming—take it in whatever sense you will. She is booming educationally, agriculturally, railroadically and prohibitionally. Morally and religiously she has nothing to boast of, but will compare favorably with her neighbors. However with her motto, "Ad astra per aspera"—"Through difficulties to the stars"—she is going forward and means to occupy a place in the front rank.

I remain cordially yours,
July 1, 1884. J. A. BRIGHT.

FOUR MEN KILLED.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 25.—A terrible accident happened on the Lehigh Valley Railroad this morning near White Tavern. A pusher engine exploded its boiler, killed the crew, four in number. The men were hurled over 200 feet in the air, and horribly mangled. A coal train followed on the same track and ran into the wrecked engine, throwing the cars off the track and piling them up 30 feet high.

THE EUROPEAN PLAGUE.

Paris, July 27.—The total number of deaths since the outbreak appeared will reach one thousand. About five hundred persons who were attacked with the disease have been cured. The proportion of cures would be greater if those rendering assistance were better organized. Marseilles is threatened with a famine owing to the fact that many butchers have shut up shop and others find it difficult to procure supplies. Cholera has appeared at Spezzia, Italy. It was carried there by an Italian workman from the arsenal at Toulon. There have been two fatal cases already, and the inhabitants are in a state of panic.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 27.—A storm yesterday in Eu Claire county damaged crops and buildings to the extent of $20,000. Hail stones fell which are alleged to have been six and eight inches in diameter.

WHEAT CROP IN LANCASTER

Lancaster, Pa., July 23.—The farmers of this county have begun to thresh their wheat and the yield far exceeds not only their most sanguine expectations, but all previous crops. Many instances of from 40 to 50 bushels per acre on large farms are reported, and on B. J. McMann's farm, near this city, 1 025 bushels were got off a twenty-acre field. The wonderful crop is cited in refutation of the theory that tobacco culture has deteriorated the Lancaster county lands for general agricultural purposes.

THE DEAD GREELY EXPLORERS.

Washington, July 24.—The chief signal officer has addressed a circular letter to the relatives of the dead members of the Greely party advising them that the bodies will be landed at the military station on Governor's Island, New York, about August 1. The United states will bear the expenses of the transportation of the bodies to such places as the relatives in each case may select for interment as well as the cost of burial, but not the expenses of the journey of relatives.

IT WENT ROUND AMONG THE NEIGHBORS,

Mr. Levi Stahl, merchant and postmaster at Fostoria, Pa., writes:

Mr. J. A. McDonald, Reedsville, Pa.

Dear Sir:—Some time ago I had a severe attack of chronic diarrhoea. Could obtain no relief. A friend gave me a part of a bottle of your Curtis' Carmelite Cordia, and a few doses entirely cured me. The balance of the bottle went around among the neighbors. Since then I have written to New York and Philadelphia for the medicine but could not procure it. I traced up the bottle we had and found it was purchased of Mr. Jacob Cowan, merchant in Altoona, and from him obtained your address. Please forward me one dozen bottles by express at once, as I do not wish to be without it in my family and wish to sell it in my store.

Single bottle Curtis' Carmelite Cordial guaranteed to cure any case of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, cramps, pains, and all irritation of the bowels incident to change of climate, diet or water.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
23j2 Philadelphia Agents.

GOOD FOR MALARIA.

E. James, Thompsontown, Pa., writes:
J. A. McDonald.

Dear Sir:—Send me two dozen boxes of your Liver Pills at once. Some of our people say they have cured them of chills and fever and they do not want to be without them. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
23j2 Philadelphia Agents

FOR THE

-:FARMERS:-

—AND—

OTHERS.

We are still falling to low prices on all of our stock of merchandise.

HARPOON HAY FORKS,

(single and double,) at $4.50 to $5—sold a very short time ago at $7.50. Hay Fork Pulleys at 25c each. Best Manilla (not sisal) from ¼ to 2 inches.

Dunn's, Beardsley, Eagle and Clipper,

GRAIN AND GRASS SCYTHES,

(Razor Edges) 75 cents to $1.15. Emory Stones, Scythe Stones and Rifles at unusually low rates.

SILVER HOLLOW WARE.

Our Silverware surprises every one for its beautiful appearance, elegance of design, and prices lower than were ever known.

PAPER BAGS.

We are all right again on paper bags. We quote the trade at 40 per cent. off and an extra 5 per cent. off on lots of 5,000 or more.

PUMPS.

There has been a great decline in the price of pumps. If you want one write to us for prices, or call and see them. Cistern pumps $3.50, formerly $5½. Chain pumps at $3½, formerly $5½.

LUMBER.

If you please look at this: 25,000 White Pine and Hemlock Pickets, flat and square headed, 3, 3½ and 4 feet. Frame lumber in large quantities at $14 per thousand feet. 18 inch, White Pine Shingles, No. 1, at $4½ per thousand, and less in large quantities. White Pine Selects and Barn Lumber, rough or surfaced, from $20 to $60 per thousand. White and yellow pine Flooring, 1-inch, at $25 per thousand. Hemlock Flooring from $18 to $22 per thousand.

TIN CUPS, BRASS KETTLES, PRESERVING KETTLES, &c.

Think of Tin Cups at 25 cents per dozen, or 2 cents each; just as good as we make to sell at 5 cents each. Good stamped Tin Basins at 15, 18 and 25 cts. each. We are paying much attention to our tinware stock. More than we have ever done to supply the wants of every one with something that is really good

COAL. COAL.

Clearfield Coal in lots at shippers' prices. Anthracite Coal in lots at shippers' prices.

LOOK! PAINTS! LOOK!

Liquid Paints for houses, barns, roofs, etc., in four different colors, made to our own order at $1 per gallon.

GRAIN CRADLES.

Our supply of Grain Cradles this season is unusually large. Western cradle at $2½, Eagle Cradle at $2.75—best cradle in market, Ball's cradle, at $3½.

TIN CANS AND FRUIT JARS.

Ordered to be shipped to us on July 1, (in season) 21,600 Tin Quart Cans. Every can warranted, and will be offered for sale from 50 to 60 cents per dozen. At same time expect to receive 9,000 Mason Fruit Jars which are high and advancing but we will hold our present stock at present prices, without variation or abatement.

CEDARWARE & MATCHES

have our positive attention, all of which we are selling at Eastern prices. Good Brooms at $1.75 per dozen.

Door and Window Screens to suit any door or window, ready to put up.

100 barrels of Rosendale Cement at reduced prices. THE TRADE will please address us for trade prices.

Yours Respectfully,

F. G. FRANCISCUS,

feb26tf LEWISTOWN, PA

LOVE.

Who loves but Labor, lives not long,
Who loves but Pleasure, loveth wrong;
  For Labor weareth,
  And Pleasure tireth,
But both together make man strong.

Who loves for Beauty, loves not long,
Who loves for Lucre, loveth wrong;
  For Beauty dieth,
  And Fortune flieth
But both together make love strong.

Who loveth Virtue, loveth long,
Who loves the Right, sure loves not wrong;
  For Virtue's golden,
  As truth is olden,
But both together make love strong.

AT SAN PEDRO.

He saw her the first time in a Mission street car, and his impressions were not prepossessing. There was something too imperious in the quick wave of her hand as she signalled the car, and her very step was positive and aggressive. The perfect health which blossomed in her cheek, sparkled in her eye, and revealed itself in the easy carriage of a firmly molded figure, in his sight possessed an element of unlady-like audacity.

David Woodbury had been in San Francisco only a fortnight, but he had already made up his mind, with the swift decision which sometimes characterizes Massachusetts men, that he did not admire the women of California. They were an innovation upon the type of womankind to which he had been accustomed. The women of his family and of his acquaintance had all partaken, more or less, of a certain delicate, spiritual cast, not uncommon among old England families. He reflected now, with an invalid's fretful persistency, that he could not recall one who had even remotely approached the buoyant health and generous physique of this girl.

For he was an invalid. His stalwart form and iron muscles had proved of no avail to resist the pitiless onslaught of hereditary disease, and the deceptive flush upon his cheek was but the presage of decay. Yet he had, so far, attained only the interesting stage of a sick man's existence, when the tender sympathy and concern of friends create a subtle separation between him and the outside world, and the nerves are easily jarred by contact with the unaccustomed or unexpected.

Lost in reflection, he failed to observe that a gray-haired woman, meanly clad and carrying a heavy bundle, had entered the car, and stood leaning wearily against the door. The car was closely packed from front to rear. There seemed a singular lack of the customary gallantry which appears to be a second nature to most Californians. Several newspapers were lifted higher, to shut out the appealing glance from their readers' lines of vision; a few men gazed stolidly through the windows. Several well-dressed women, occupying seats, smiled in a superior way.

There was a swift movement opposite. David Woodbury raised his eyes to see the old woman gently urged into the seat the young lady had vacated, and to be himself included in a scornful glance which swept the car from end to end.

Other men obstinately retained their seats in a very laudable effort to maintain consistency, but this Massachusetts man, feeling an obligation to vindicate his own gentility, in defiance of his bodily infirmities arose and tendered his seat to the combative young woman. The courtesy was firmly repulsed:

"You must take my seat. I can not allow you to stand," he said, clumsily enough.

"I would not deprive myself of the pleasure for the world," returned the girl.

The voice was a surprise—musical and vibrating, with intonations that he had been accustomed to associate with ideas of refinement and culture. But he at once realized that he had blundered. This dauntless creature, with the self-consciousness characteristic of western girls, had promptly attributed his courtesy to the influence of her charms. He writhed beneath the consciousness all the more because of his utter inability to defend himself. The very triviality of the episode rendered him powerless.

The recollection of this vexatious incident still pursued him six months later, when he returned from the Sandwich Islands, his fair skin tanned and burned by a tropical sun, but with health restored, and ready for a season of relaxation before returning to New England. He was at an evening party one night in March, conversing idly with a lady acquaintance, when his attention was attracted by a couple who had entered the room and stood chatting with the hostess. He saw a dignified elderly gentleman in the undress of a military officer, and on his arm a queenly girl who might have stepped from some old-time picture. A shimmering robe of rich texture was draped with classic elegance about the graceful form; not a scrap of lace or patch of velvet marred the beauty of the costume; but in the folds of filmy tulle which crossed the bosom a cluster of eglantine roses was hidden. A single diamond, in a setting of antique silver, gleamed like a star amid the waves of her abundant brown hair, and in her hand she carried a curious inlaid fan.

David Woodbury's sensation was one of positive delight. With returning strength had come a new appreciation of the royalty of health, and he reveled in this picture of perfect womanhood. He thought of his sister, who had a mild enthusiasm for art, and for its sake loved the beautiful in nature, and wished she stood by his side that moment, and could feast her eyes on the scene before him; the lofty room, with its rich appointments, not more costly than tasteful, the wealth of tropical plants and blossoms making the air heavy with perfume, and in the foreground a glittering constellation, with this superb figure for its central sun.

"That is Gen. Langdon and his daughter Stella," whispered his friend. "His wife died three years ago, leaving two daughters, one a mere baby. They say Stella's devotion to her little sister is something beautiful to behold. But come—let me introduce you."

The girl looked at him in calm scrutiny as he bowed before her. "I have met Mr. Woodbury before—in a street car," she said, gravely.

An under current of satire cut like a two-edged sword. To have attempted excuse or explanation would have appeared like the consciousness of guilt. His thoughts turned back to their old channel. The elegant simplicity of her dress he regarded as a bid for notoriety. Her unconventional manner received his mental condemnation. Observing how neatly she parried all attempts at familiarity on the part of her admirers, he reflected that the women in whose society he had been bred had no need of parrying any such approaches. The air of icy reserve in which they enveloped themselves was impregnable.

During ensuing weeks he met her frequently, but his original conception of her character remained essentially unchanged. He told himself that she was a gay, brilliant girl, always cheerful and animated; but dwelling altogether in the shallows of life, like others of her class.

One morning these opinions received a shock and a surprise. Turning down Pacific street, after an early stroll on Russian hill, he encountered Stella Langdon going down town on a forenoon shopping campaign such as young and stylish women affect, he inwardly decided. He joined her, and they were soon launched upon an idle discussion of plans for the coming season. As they progressed down the hill, they came to a quarter whose dingy and rickety abodes proclaim the poverty of its denizens. Sauntering carelessly along, Miss Langdon suddenly bent over two children, rather more ragged and dirty than the average of the street. Her face grew tender and pitiful as she questioned the little people, and, after a brief parley, bearing the viler of the two urchins aloft in her arms, she disappeared down a dark alley-way. Her companion halted a moment irresolute; then, realizing that he was for the time completely forgotten, with a compassionate smile for the freaks of San Francisco women, he continued his progress down town.

The little land and sea-locked port of San Pedro is oddly situated. Where the water has in past ages hollowed a crescent from the cliffs and then receded, years ago a little village was founded. Two miles north, on the crest of the cliffs, the last battle between the Mexicans and the United States soldiers took place, and in ghoulish grave-yard, far from any habitation, repose the bones of the slain of one army, while out in the bay, on a rocky eminence called Dead Man's Island, the dead of the defeated warriors found their sepulchre. One by one these graves have been rifled of their contents by the encroachment of the restless waves, until only a couple now remain, with a snowy cross above to mark their burial place. Half a mile to the south is another long, low stretch of land, with shores of glittering white sand, studded with curious pebbles and strewn with shells, to which a little steamer daily plies, as well as to the distant mountainous islands, rising like pale blue clouds far out upon the ocean, where earth and sky appear to meet.

The little modern town of San Pedro nestles in the crescen-shaped hollow facing the sea, with precipitous cliffs rising like steep walls in its rear, and embracing it north and south almost to the water's edge. The entire village lies so low that a tidal wave of modest dimensions could with one mighty surge obliterate it from the face of the earth. But its quiet inhabitants dwell on in peaceful security, and many restless city people find in the quaint spot, so shut off from the everyday world, the repose and isolation which they annually seek as salvation from the wear and tear of petty cares. And so it has come to pass that every summer finds the lonely little cottages overflowing with city guests, and the low ground at the north angle of the crescent and fronting the sea is dotted with gray tents all the season.

Here it chanced that one day in August, when the waves were lapping the shore with a sleepy surge, Stella Langdon and David Woodbury encountered each other. She was sunning herself on the sand, and her little sister built a mimic fortress by her side. A book lay untouched in the girl's lap, for the book of nature spread out before her was infinitely more enchanting.

He reverted at once to the occasion when last they met, for, struggling against the growing admiration he felt for this girl, with all the perversity of an obstinate man he had converted even that incident into an argument against her.

"Miss Langdon, pray enlighten me. Of what philanthropic society are you a director?"

"Of none, sir." There was unmistakable surprise and inquiry in her voice. But he went on in a quizzical way:

"Then you are one of the hard-working members who do not accept offices, but preside over committees, and inaugurate fairs and carnivals—all for the purpose of enticing from the pockets of an unwilling public money for the support of establishments which are mere hot-beds for criminals and paupers."

"I do not understand you, sir." Her lips tightened and her eyes sparkled with a dangerous fire.

"Be honest. In the interest of what reformatory institution did you pursue that wretched little beggar we encountered on Pacific street a month or two ago?"

"Mr. Woodbury, did you notice the condition of that child? When I took hold of her emaciated arm it seemed as if it would melt away in my grasp. Did you see the cruel blows the older child was raining upon her? And do you think a woman could pass by such a sight? I wish you had seen that home as I did. Two miserable rooms for a father and mother and seven children. The woman was at the wash tub, and when I told her why I had picked up the little mite, she burst out crying, telling her troubles in such a discouraged way that it made one's heart ache. The oldest boy and girl were at school, and there are five little ones—the youngest an infant at the breast, the next that sickly baby, and the oldest the 7-year-old boy in whose care she had placed it that morning."

"Where was the father?"

"He is only a poor laborer—sober and hard-working, she assured me; but his work is not steady, and his small wages are insufficient for their support. So the poor little things had to be neglected and sent out on the street to get the sunshine, while the mother toiled away at home, or sometimes went out with her baby to do a day's cleaning. The tiny girl we saw had been suffering with a severe cough for six months, and they could do nothing for her but watch her fade away before their eyes."

"What did you advise?"

"I persuaded them to take the little one to the Children's Hospital, where I have a friend—and a noble, good woman she is—who is a director. There the little thing was put straight to bed, as she need to be, and nursed day and night, as she could never have been at home"

"With what result?"

"I have a letter to-day from the matron, who tells me my patient has grown plump as a partridge, and will be discharged in three weeks more, completely cured. The father has procured steady work in the country, and takes his family there this week. Let us change the subject. Do you go in bathing?"

"No; I am afraid—"

"Of stingarees?" She laughed merrily, and before he could finish his explanation somebody had come up and swept her off on a march for sea ferns, whose delicate fronds were borne in by the tide.

He stood for an instant, irresolute. Two crushing revelations dawned upon him in that moment. He had learned to appreciate at last this noble, sympathetic woman; and he knew, by a swift, unerring intuition, that she despised him. He asked himself what else he could have expected. A man irreverent of age, indifferent to the sufferings of childhood, and, above all, a coward! He summed up his credentials with a bitter laugh, as he flung himself down on the beach.

After this passage at arms they mutually avoided each other. Save when they met face to face they never exchanged a glance of recognition. Yet both were resolved to conclude the season at San Pedro. One day Miss Langdon rode down to Wilmington to take the train for Los Angeles. She left her little sister in the care of friends at the beach, with many charges and cautions, which the child promised to heed.

Early that afternoon David Woodbury wandered along at the foot of the cliffs, chipping away at the rocks with a small pick he carried. He was something of an amateur geologist, and there were some irregular, amber-like crystals imbedded in the rocks, which he had determined to subject to microscopic analysis. Absorbed in his task, he was aroused by the sound of a lady's voice close by.

"What is it fluttering on the top of that rock, Henry. Is it a bird? Give me that glass, and let me see."

"No, my dear, my eyes are better than yours. I will look. By heavens! it is a child."

A little child out on a narrow point of rocks, with a surging sea all around, and the tide coming in! Every one understood how it happened, recalling the chain of moss-grown rocks that lifted their heads above the sea at the ebbing of the tide, and over which the more venturous had sometimes clambered, but every vestige of which was now effaced by the sea. The few men about stood dazed at the sight. No boat could make a passage of those sharp and treacherous rocks, and strong swimmers dared not breast the pitiless swell of the tide, maddened to fury by its rocky barriers.

One man set his teeth firmly together at the sight. Years ago, in his college days, he had been a daring swimmer. Once before he had breasted just such a sea to reach a boat which had overturned with three men. As David Woodbury threw off his coat, he remembered the parting admonition of his Hawaiian physician:

"You are all right now, my boy, but guard vigilantly against any sudden shock or violent exercise of any kind."

He mustered all the nerve within him to meet and bear without recoil the plunge into the boiling element. Once breasting the waves his strength came back, and he battled with a vigor he had never known before. Flung now against some rocks, which bruised his limbs or tore his hands; now sucked down by some eddying current, which all his strength only sufficed to conquer; now faint with the shock of some mighty incoming breaker, he reached, at last, the rock where a little girl clung in fright, and took her in his arms and soothed her till her wild sobs ceased. He bethought himself then of what he had not recalled before—that between this rock and the breakwater, which afforded a safe retreat to shore, lay a comparatively open stretch of sea. And so, plunging again into the water, carefully supporting the little one, but swimming with long, masterly strokes, he bore his precious burden safely, at last, to the shore.

As he stepped upon the beach, Stella Langdon met him with outstretched arms. Silently he placed the child within them, and she received it without a word; but he was strangely stirred by the one full look that fell from her brown eyes like a benison upon him. A hero in dripping garments, he stood among the idlers upon the beach, all deeply moved, as even shallow natures will be, by the sight of a truly gallant deed.

He tried to meet their effusive praise with easy indifference, to make light of the perils through which he had passed. But a choking sensation in his throat overpowered him; a weakness, which was more than the faintness of exhaustion, seized upon him; and it was not sea water that gushed in a crimson flood from mouth and nostrils.

Stella Langdon, sitting within her tent, and softly crying over her little sister as she removed her wet garments, lifted her face with a sudden pallor as she heard the measured tramp of men carrying a heavy burden, and a voice saying, regretfully:

"Poor fellow! He's done for this time."

If he had been taken to an ordinary habitation, and there submitted to the confined atmosphere, unnatural restraint, and artificial remedies which invalids are usually obliged to undergo, it is doubtful if he would have survived the ordeal. But after he had been placed upon the comfortable bed in his tent, the physician who was summoned wisely concluded that it would be dangerous to run the risk of removal. And so he lay in the open air, the cool sea breezes finding their way through many a rift in the canvas. Close contact with Mother Nature accomplished more than doctors or physic, and after several weeks of rest and quiet, the inward tissues that had been ruptured did their work of healing, and he rose from his couch, if not absolutely sound, with chances for a long life about as good as the average man's.

The season at San Pedro was unusually prolonged that year. More than one party of campers lingered on, loth to leave while the life of this brave young fellow hung in the balance. The Langdons lingered among the rest, and when, one day late in September, David Woodbury finally emerged from his tent, walking somewhat feebly at first, he did not disdain to stay himself a little by the noble strength of the young girl whose arm he had taken.

Slowly they strolled along the beach, and various gay groups nodded smiling approval as they passed. He drew her at length to a little nook in the cliffs sheltered from the wind. Below them great breakers beat themselves upon the rocks with a sullen roar. The sharp outlines of the mountainous islands in the distance were veiled in a bluish mist. Far on the horizon the white-winged sails of an incoming ship could be descried. Some rare bird, with golden plumage, wheeled down over the cliffs, and darted, swift and sure, to its nest in a liliputian bush, clinging to a cleft in the rocks.

But the young man wore a troubled look, and seemed oblivious of the charming scene before him. He turned to his companion at length with a weakly, embarrassed smile.

"I do not like to think there was a time when I seemed contemptible in your eyes. I was not quite so hard-hearted as I appeared—about that little child, you know—"

"So I was fully persuaded when I learned that an unknown friend in San Pedro had forwarded a hundred dollars for my poor people that very week."

"I didn't mean that you should know of that," looking momentarily chagrined; "still, I do not know that I care now," possessing himself of her hand with an air of proprietorship, and drawing her nearer to him.

"But I wonder if you will believe me now," he persisted, following up his chain of reminiscences, "about that miserable affair in the street-car, the first time I ever saw you. You remember? You thought me zealous to offer my seat to a young lady when I wouldn't yield it to an old woman. I wouldn't make such a distinction for the Queen of Sheba. The fact is, I was in a brown study when she came in, and positively did not see her until you had risen."

The girl looked at him in gentle amazement.

"David Woodbury, I never dreamed of misjudging you so. I understood it all perfectly at the time," she said.

Brass Knuckles Banished.

Brass knuckles are fast going out of fashion, and in good society they are no longer tolerated. At a recent reception in New York it was noticed that not a gentleman wore these at one time all-the-rage ornaments. This change in style has been seen on the way for a long time past, but nobody twenty years ago would have believed that the end could have come so soon. When they first came into style they were made in useful patterns, but afterwards resolved themselves into ornaments. At one time no party or ball was considered complete without their aid, and all those little differences in opinion which are bound to arise even in the most polished society were settled on the spot without the delay and amount of talk which now characterize and belittle such gatherings.

By some unaccountable means the handsome brass knuckles went under the ban, and nothing has been found sufficiently worthy to take their place. But, seeing this crying need of male humanity, a benefactor has evolved a direct successor to the knuckles, which combines innocence with usefulness, beauty with good works. The ornament consists of four seal-rings connected with each other by invisible links hidden between the fingers. The seals are of different metals, to suit the taste of the wearer, the hardest variety being an alloy of copper, lead and iron, polished up in the highest style, making a variegated seal as beautiful as it is hardened. In rest the rings are ornamental in the highest degree—in action they are four rings with but a single thought, and that is to make a decided impression on the gentleman opposite, whose doom even is sealed if he continues the argument any length of time.

"Oh, aren't they sweet, pretty?" simpered a young lady at a reception at Delmonico's recently.

"Why, certainly they are," said the wearer; "and they're not only pretty, but they're good."

"But what is that red mark on the edge, Algernon?" she continued.

"Oh, that is a piece of blood-stone," was the reply.

"I should like to take that one home as a pattern for Father Sidney," saying which the belle gently pulled at the third ring. To her surprise and his disgust four rings began to move from the gentleman's hand. He had forgotten to wear his safety-ring, and the real character of the cordon of rings was thus given to the world.

The innovation threatens to be widespreading in all circles.

Scornful young ladies who in the funny columns of the newspapers during the past one hundred years have promised their sweethearts that they would marry them when the Washington Monument should be finished are beginning to look around now for some convenient loophole of escape.

Romance of a Dinner-Pail.

Just after the stroke of noon Saturday, a Chelsea and Boston car was going up Broadway past a large manufacturing establishment, when the attention of the passengers was called to a queer little woman in an old-fashioned poke bonnet, who hurried down the street with a tin-pail in her hand and went to the factory gate and knocked for admission. An old gentleman who sat in the forward right-hand corner of the car looked up and said:

"Hello! there goes Dolly again."

"Dolly who?" asked a girl at his side.

"Why, Dolly White—Crazy Dolly, as she is called by all who know her."

"What makes them call her crazy?" queried the girl, puckering up her little mouth until it looked like a period under her hooked, interrogation point of a nose.

"Oh, it was a long time ago, when she and Charlie hadn't been married but a few years, and she used to come down here every noon and bring him his dinner, that the story commences. They lived in a house on Washington avenue and had two little children to take care of, and they were just as happy as they could be, for Charlie was making a good living and had the promise of a boss-ship in the fall.

"Well, one day at noon she came with his lunch, as was her custom, and just as she got to the gate it flew open and out came four men bearing the dead body of her husband, who had just been killed by a falling timber. Dolly fainted away at the sight and fell into a fever that did not abate until long after poor Charlie had been buried and another took his place in the factory.

"As soon as she got able to go out she went to work and scoured up the old dinner-pail and put up a meal for her dead husband just as though he was alive and working as usual. At fifteen minutes before 12 she put on her bright new shawl and gay bonnet, and, taking the pail in her hand, tripped off down the street and knocked at the gate. The men came out and she told them she wanted to go in and wait for Charlie and let him have something to eat. They tried to reason with her, and told her that he had gone away on a long job, and would not require any dinner for many a day—never, perhaps. But she would not listen to them, and waited there until the bell rang for the men to go to work again. Ever since then—and that was nearly 10 years ago—she has done the same thing every day that the factory has been running. Sundays, holidays and in vacation time she stays at home, but all the rest of the time she puts on the same old shawl and bonnet—they are faded and threadbare—and starts down the street with a tin-pail in her hand."

"Does she carry the same old dinner, or is it fresh every day?" asked the girl.

"It is fresh and hot every day."

"But what does she do with the old when she finds that Charlie don't come out to eat it?"

"Well, she takes it home and sets it down on the table, and, going into her chamber to take off her shawl and bonnet, she stays there and cries, and cries and cries. Before she comes out her two children steal into the room and eat the dinner all up and leave nothing but the empty pail. They are hearty children, their mother is poor, and a good hot dinner isn't bad for anybody; so they eat it and ask no questions."

"Oh," said the girl, relapsing into silence, and losing all interest in the story.

Concerning Tapestry.

A new summer fabric is a revival of old worsted damask which is made of silk and wool. It closely resembles satin damask and is suited both for town and country houses; its most favored shades are capote blue, copper, gold, red and capucine. Another material similar to cretonne, is also in wool, being called worsted tapestry, and copying the better manufacture in early English groups and other designs. Its use is largely in portieres and table covers; an inexpensive style for one of the latter articles—but which may be no longer strictly a novelty—is that combining a central medallion in cretonne with bordering of plush or cloth showing an additional strip of cretonne with fringe at the edge. A style distinguished as Teniers tapestry shows a running design of leafy luxuriance, with Dutch figures seen at intervals in openings of the foliage, the color being strongly tinctured with Flemish quality.

The cretonne printed Gobelin tapestry, with such designs as that of the Iron Duke, previously copied in rich velour, is exhibited with almost as fine a coloring as the latter. A line of moquie crepe tapestry cretonne, distinguished as l'Art, is also handsome in its designs, representing sculpture, painting, etc., while another series illustrates the sciences. Among different designs is a tournament scene, suitable for a wall hanging, in this material, while representations of Faust, Marguerite and Mephisto are adapted for screens and cushions. Another showy design is from a French opera, "Tribut de Ramora." Some of the most beautiful prints are from the Wettesus, a lake scene being extremely clear and delicate. Both for furniture covers and draperies extensive use is made of Oriental and large floral designs, as of wild flowers, tulips, roses and lilies. A pleasant new style of hanging in jute and linen, and which is much better than jute tapestry, is known as Dentelle de Clery, the design of which is in imitation of Colbert lace. In delicate colors, as of gold or blue in combination with white, it forms a desirable summer curtain.

Lustre Painting.

This is the term applied in England to a new decorative process which is said to be so easy of acquisition that it is readily learned by ladies who possess no skill in drawing or painting. It is made to yield results rich in color and closely resembling in effect the more laborious productions of the needle in crewel work embroidery. Outlines of the pattern to be produced are prepared on furniture velvet, coat velveteen, satin, or whatever material is chosen, and the pigments—metallic substances reduced to a state of fine powder—are mixed with a medium and applied with a stiff brush. The colors seem to be durable, and to be scarcely at all affected by the use of gaslights in rooms in which the hangings are placed. Among many beautiful pieces of work recently exhibited is a pair of velvet curtains ornamented with reeds, flowers, and birds, realistically treated—a replica of a pair presented by Mrs. Hasung to Prince Louis of Battenberg on his marriage. Table covers, *portieres* and altar frontals are some of the many other decorative articles exhibited.

A Man of Appeals.

Soon after the train left Louisville Junction the conductor came to a passenger in our coach who had no ticket. He didn't claim to have lost it, but leaned back, looked the official square in the eye and said:

"I'm dead broke and have a hundred miles to go,"

"You must pay or get off," was the reply.

"Oh, certainly. I know the rules of the road by heart. I am now about to appeal to the generosity of the man in the next seat."

He appealed. He said he was an unfortunate man who had failed to strike a job in Louisville and wanted to get back home to starve to death with his family. It was a vain appeal. The man said he was in the same box himself, but was going to kill his family instead of waiting for hunger to do the work.

"Come—you must pay," said the conductor.

"Oh, of course, but I will now appeal to the passengers *en masse*."

He rose up and made a little speech full of pathos, misfortune, hunger, cold and several other unpleasant ingredients, but nobody seemed interested.

"I can't fool with you any longer," remarked the conductor. "I'll stop the train and off you go."

"Hold on just a minute, I am now about to appeal to you personally."

For five minutes he flung his soul into a grand effort to melt the conductor. He quoted the Bible, eulogized charity and appealed to humanity, but when he had finished the conductor reached up for the cord and said:

"I must obey the rules or lose my place."

"Say, lemme appeal once more."

"No—can't do it."

The train stopped and the man bowed good-bye to everybody and got off. Nine miles up the road, where we stopped at a station, there was a rumpus outside about something, and directly the man of appeals was hauled out from under the last coach, where he had been riding on the trucks. He was dirt and slush and mud from head to foot, and the conductor looked at him and said:

"Now you want to quit this business or I'll turn you over to the first constable! You look as if a mule had dragged you twenty miles."

"Exactly, but I couldn't give it up without one more appeal."

The platforms were crowded, and he flung down his hat and began his appeal. In three minutes the passengers had thrown him about $12 in cash, and when the train moved on the conductor flipped him into the baggage car as a dead-head.

Not Dangerous.

It was a Cess avenue car. There was such a lovely young man got in, and, parting the tails of his Prince Albert coat, sat down and drew forth from a breast pocket a rose-tinted *mouchoir de poche*. This he flourished under his delicate, sensitive nose a moment and returned it to its pocket. Then he drew off one kid glove, dropped a fare in the box, displayed a diamond ring and fell to sucking an umbrella handle for mental nourishment. Next, he looked in another pocket, found a yellow silk handkerchief and toyed with it.

"Robbed a clothes-line?" suggested one passenger to another.

"Naw! been to Paree," was the answer in a disgusted tone.

In a few moments a third silk handkerchief, this time a blue one, was displayed, but at that moment the sweet thing discovered that he had reached the street where he was to disembark, so he pulled the strap with his umbrella handle, stopped the car, and took his patent leathers up and out. The passengers drew a breath of relief.

"'Tisn't dangerous, gentleman," said the old passenger. "I think I never saw a more beautiful specimen."

"Dude you never see one before?" asked the innocent-looking passenger.

"Ah," said the Teutonic passenger, "punishment."

Running a Hole Out of Town.

A friend who has been traveling in Mexico brings back a good story illustrative of the peculiar lack of inventiveness of the people of our sister republic. A church was lately built at Lagos, on the main line of the Mexican Central railroad, and when finished the fathers were annoyed to find that a big hole, from which the clay for the adobes used in constructing the edifice had been excavated, remained directly in front of the main entrance. Orders were given to have the unsightly hole filled up. This was done by shoveling into it earth and clay from the nearest bank. But this, of course, left another hole, and so the painstaking Mexicans went to work and filled that up in like manner, leaving another gap in the ground, which was then filled, and the operation was repeated until the hole was run out of town, so to speak, and the good fathers congratulated themselves on being rid of an unsightly nuisance. People who wonder that the Mexicans are not more enterprising than they are, will find in this little tale one explanation of the difficulty which stands in the way of a rapid development of the country.

Irishmen in the British Army.

In 1880, for the first time, Irishmen were admitted into the British Army without forfeiture of their creed or nationality. They eagerly accepted what was then styled "this boon." Not only did they wholly fill the regiments which bore titles associated with their native land, but the English and Scotch regiments held them in great number. Between 1807 and 1811, more than 400 Irish of the 1,000 which constituted a regiment were in the ranks of the Seventy-first Highlanders. In 1810, 443 of the Seventh Highlanders were Irish. In 1809, 666 of the Ninety-fourth Highlanders were Irish, and in the record of the Royal Scots 464 are registered as Irish. Speaking in the House of Lords fourteen years after Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington said: "It is mainly owing to Irish Catholics that we owe all our proud prominence as an empire and I owe the laurels with which you have been pleased to deck my brow."

One of the best mulching materials is salt hay, as it contains no seeds or weeds and can be stored away for use another year.

Summer Travel.

Summer travel of late years has grown to such proportions as to demand a literature of its own. In order to supply this demand our grand trunk railway companies have prepared handsome volumes, not only attractive as works of art but a constant surprise to those who study their contents. Long lines of excursions are planned and marked out whereby, at very moderate charges, the tourist can strike many summer resorts in the East such as the White, Catskill and Allegheny mountains, Niagara and Trenton Falls, the St. Lawrence River and the great Lakes, the Springs at Saratoga, Bedford, Richfield and through Virginia, or may cross the Continent to the shores of the Pacific and revel amid the attractions of the Yosemite and the Garden of the Gods. One may live upon the rail in palaces with every facility for eating, sleeping and comfort which the Americans know so well how to supply and in which they surpass all other nations.

But our great railroads cater not for the rich alone but for those of moderate means as well. Within the compass of a few hundred miles of our large cities, are attractions fully equal to those that greet the vision of the foreign tourist. If the resident of the Middle States would visit the sea shore, there are scores of watering places stretching from Cape May to Seabright along the coast of Jersey and the cosmopolitan Coney Island. Swift and commodious steamers traverse the rivers in all directions and convey their passengers to shaded inlets and islands. Reaching from Philadelphia in all directions we have lines passing through the finest scenery in the world, and lined with country-seats costing from $10,000 to $100,000. Further on there is no end to the catalogue from which a choice may be made. There are the coal regions, the section from wihch our wealth of petroleum is obtained, the Delaware Water Gap, Cresson Springs, Mauch Chunk with its Glens and Gravity R. R.; Watkin's Glen, Gettysburg, the Luray Caves, Minnequa Springs; in brief all the beauties of Mountain, Lake and River.

If we were called on to select one spot which for grandeur of scenery and for the display of engineering skill exceeded all others we should specify the Bells' Gap Railroad, which starting at Bells' Mills on the Pennsylvania Railroad, threads its upward way on the mountain-side, over gorges and torrents and trestles, around sharp curves, up steep inclines, the grade being sometimes 170 feet per mile, until the summit is reached and Rhododendron Park laid out and equipped as a ground for pic-nics.

Space forbids a more exhaustive statement of points of interest, but enough has been given to demonstrate that our facilities for travel are not great monopolies but furnish, to the traveling public at least, a full equivalent for the patronage they receive.

A plan recently introduced into Belgium for preserving wood from the decay produced by the atmosphere, water, etc., is to fill the pores of the wood with liquid gutta-percha, which is said to effectually preserve it from moisture and the action of the sun. The process employed consists in exhausting the air from the pores of the wood and filling them with gutta-percha solution, in pouring the solution into the pore. The solid gutta-percha is liquefied by mixing it with paraffine in proportion of about two-thirds of gutta-percha to one-third of paraffin: the mixture is then subjected to the action of heat, and the gutta-percha becomes sufficiently liquid to be easily introduced into the pores of the wood. The gutta-percha liquefied by this process hardens into the pores of the wood as it becomes cold.

Cotton fibre is a wide or flat cylinder, thickened at the edges, and twisted into a spiral. The coloring matter is oily or resinous, and in drying is deposited on the edges of little pockets occuring along the fibre. The better the fibre the more perfect its spirality, and the more regular in shape are these oily deposits. Wrinkles are also formed when drying, their being well marked in the perfectly matured fibre affording another test of good cotton. The lack of spirality is an inferiority, because it prevents the fibre from being as intimately twisted with other fibres as it ought to be.

Hardening Tools.—The practice is common among the engravers and watchmakers of Germany of hardening their tools in sealing wax. The tool is heated to whiteness and plunged into the wax, withdrawn after an instant and plunged again, the process being repeated until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The advantages claimed for this method are that the steel becomes almost as hard as a diamond, and, when touched with a little oil of turpentine the tools are superior for engraving and also for piercing the hardest metals.

M. Gibier recently offered to the French Academy of Sciences an account of his experiments with rabies. He found that he could easily inoculate guinea pigs, rats, etc., with hydrophobia, and all his cases died of that disease. But the savant, according to the report, wound up his remarks by first proving that it was impossible for fowls to take hydrophobia, and then showing conclusively that they are the only animals who have ever been known to recover from this disease.

For an etching fluid for steel, mix one ounce of sulphate of copper, half an ounce of alum and half a teaspoonful of salt reduced to powder, with one gill of vinegar and twenty drops of nitric acid. This liquid may be used for either eating deeply into the metal, or for imparting a beautiful frosted appearance to the surface, according to the time it is allowed to act. Cover the parts it is necessary to protect from its influence with beeswax, tallow or some similar substance.

From the decomposing masses of animal flesh Professor Briggs, of Berlin, has isolated a very violent poison, which analysis proves to be a hydrochloric salt of a new base, and which does not resemble any other known combination.

CHOWDER.—Choose a black bass fresh and firm, dress with care, cover the bottom of the steamer with potatoes peeled and washed; slice two onions and scatter the slices over the potatoes; wrap the fish in a cloth, and lay that on the potatoes; steam till all are done; pick the meat from the bones, slice the potatoes; then put in a kettle a layer of buttered crackers, one of potatoes with the "onion atoms" and a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper; then a layer of fish, and so on until all the material is used. Pour over this enough rich milk to moisten it thoroughly; let it heat gradually and simmer gently till it is all "boiling hot." In this state it should be brought to the table.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

CALF'S BRAINS A LA MILANAISE.—Wash the brains carefully and boil them until tender in salted boiling water. Mash them into a smooth paste and season well with pepper, salt, grated onion and a little chopped parsley. Moisten the mixture slightly with melted butter, then stiffen it a little with cracker or bread crumbs. Add one or two well-beaten eggs to bind it, then set it upon ice to become quite cold. Form the mixture into small round cakes and fry them delicately in hot butter. Arrange them in the centre of a hot platter and place around them a border of *spaghetti* (macaroni) cooked and dressed with tomato sauce, flavored with onion.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

ROYAL CROQUETTES.—Roast a plump, tender chicken, and when cool chop the white meat as fine as possible, then pound to a smooth paste. Scald a sweetbread and remove the sinews. Fry it brown in butter, then let it cool. Pound it to a smooth paste and add it to the chicken. Season to taste with pepper and salt and add a well-beaten egg. Moisten it with rich cream, and work into it a teaspoonful of flour to give it consistency. Stir it well over the fire until it becomes hot, then spread it upon a buttered dish to cool. Form the mixture into cork-shaped croquettes, and egg, bread crumb, and fry them in the usual way.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A HANDSOME and durable rug can be made by taking a piece of burlap and having a large pattern stamped upon it. There are now patterns on white paper in blue that can be bought at a very reasonable price, and easily transferred to any material by pressing a warm iron over it. Work in the pattern with ravelled yarn, over and over on a lead pencil, taking care to leave the loops long enough so that when the work is done it will not have a flat appearance. Border with a piece of scarlet flannel, which also forms the lining and is pinked out about the edge.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

PINEAPPLE.—Pineapple prepared in this way is delicious with ice cream, or without it: Grate the pineapple, after removing every particle of the peel, or chop it; it must be minced so fine that any one eating it will be in doubt as to the method of its preparation; add sufficient sugar to sweeten it; let it stew gently until it is soft. When it is prepared thus it can be eaten by many who are obliged to refuse it uncooked on account of its producing indigestion.

Mothers

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Drgts.

ORANGE CAKE.—Beat two cups of sugar and one large tablespoonful of butter together, and the yelks of two eggs; then add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth; one cup of milk, two teacups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in flour, with lemon extract; bake in jelly pans. Filling—Two oranges, one lemon, grate the yellow rind and add the juice, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of water; boil until a smooth paste. Cool before spreading between the cakes.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and take out the cores of the apples without dividing them, and make crust to taste; roll the apples in the crust, previously sweetening them with moist sugar and taking care to join the paste nicely. When formed into round balls put them on a tin and bake for about half an hour or longer; arrange them pyramidically on a dish and sift over them some pounded white sugar.

DELICIOUS oatmeal gruel may be made by stirring a cupful of oatmeal into a bowl of water, allowing it to stand for a few minutes until the coarsest particles have fallen to the bottom, pouring off the water and repeating the operation once or twice. The water should then be boiled, stirring it constantly until sufficiently cooked.

AN excellent sponge cake: One cup of white sugar, granulated preferred, one egg, five tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour; season with lemon essence.

CHOCOLATE JELLY.—Four small cakes of chocolate grated and one and a half pints of milk boiled together. Then add sugar and vanilla to taste, and one box of gelatine dissolved in a little water. Boil all together for a few minutes, then set away to cool.

IT is stated that in families who roast their own coffee, diptheria cannot get a foothold, as the pungent aroma of the roasting coffee effectually destroys the germs of the disease.

THE train was rattling on, rickety click, rickety click.

"I was in such a hurry to catch the train I didn't wait to buy a ticket," said the New York banker, offering money.

"Yes," replied the conductor, abstractly as he punched the next man's ticket, "I notice that a good many New York bankers are in a hurry to catch the trains nowadays."

"Well, sir, you needn't be insolent; here is money to pay my fare."

"I know, but I can't take it, sir."

"Ah, I see; the company doesn't let you conductors take money. Fraid you'll steal it. I see."

"No, sir, there is no company rule against my taking it."

"Then why don't you take it?"

"I'm afraid I'd be arrested for receiving stolen property."

The banker looked out of the window at the shady groves, and cool, pellucid streams while the train went rattling on, rickety click, rickety click.

Henry's Carbolic Salve,

The best salve used in the world for cuts, bruises, piles, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all kinds of skin eruptions, freckles and pimples. The salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case. Be sure and get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all other are but imitations and counterfeits.

A YOUNG man and his girl who were in on an excursion the other day entered an ice cream parlor, ordered cream, and after it was brought waited so long that the party who served them ventured to ask if there was anything wrong.

"I guess not," replied the young man. "When we came in we saw folks in the front room eating soda water with spoons, and we were waiting to see if you'd bring forks for us to eat this ice cream. I guess we might as well pitch in Sally."

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, sexual debility. $1.

ONE night after the drug store had been closed and all was dark within, the Quinine Bottle leaned over and whispered to the Morphine Jar:

"Say, let's put up a job on the clerk."

"How?"

"Why, you come over here and stand in my place, and I'll go there and stand in yours."

"Oh, no; I know your little game. You think if you got in my place you'd do all the business. But you needn't flatter yourself. No drug clerk ever made the mistake of giving quinine for morphine."

Dairymen Getting Rich.

Progressive dairymen who are only satisfied with the best results, are adding to their wealth and conferring a benefit on society, by the rapid improvements they are making in the art of butter making. This class use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, and know by actual test that it fills every claim made for it.

THINGS one would rather have left unsaid: Nervous person (speaking at last to his neighbor)—"Do you know who that remarkably ugly person is just opposite—talking to the black haired lady, you know—um—eh?" Neighbor—"That, sir, is my brother!" Nervous person—"Yes? I—I—I beg your pardon—I—I—stupid of me not to have seen the family likeness—a—a—a" [Collapses and disappears.]

Carbo-lines.

The wind may roar among the trees,
Yet great ships sail the stormy seas,
The baldhead man may rave and swear,
Yet Carboline restores the hair.

PRISON INSPECTOR—"What is that bank cashier in for?"

Warden—"Do you mean this cove in No 973?"

Inspector—"Yes."

Warden—"He is not a cashier. He is a bank burglar."

"Inspector—"Well, I thought from his looks he had something to do with banks."

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant. 15c. Druggists.

A MODEST disclaimer: The Professor (opening his wife's prayer-book by chance)—"'With all my worldly goods I thee endow!' Why, when we married, Maria, I hadn't a penny to bless myself with, let alone to endow you!" Maria—"No, my love; but you had a magnificent intellect and endowed me with that—" The professor—"No, I didn't' Maria."

"FETCH in your corpse," demanded the foreman of a Texas Coroner's jury. The body was laid before them.

The jury made a careful examination, and questioned the attending surgeon.

"Whar was he shot?"

"Square through the heart."

"Dead in the center o' the heart?"

"Right in the center."

"Who shot him?"

"Jake Daniels."

A dozen witnesses declared Jake fired the shot, and Jake himself admitted it.

The jury consulted softly for some time.

"Well, gentleman of the jury," said the Coroner, "what is your verdict?"

"Wall, jedge, we've come to the conclusion that Jake Daniels is ther dandiest shot in these parts, and don't you furgit it."

IF there is anything that is calculated to make a woman dwell on suicide it is after she has spent twenty minutes fixing her bangs, ten minutes powdering her chin, and five minutes putting the room to rights, to rush to the door in answer to the bell and to be met with the inquiry, "Buy some nice family soap, madam? Eleven cakes for fifteen cents."

"THERE'S Jones," said Smith to Brown, when the two were talking about stuck-up people, "he's a rich man and you wouldn't think it." "Ah! genial, I suppose," said Brown, "free and off hand, hail fellow-well-met as it were." "No, not that." "What then?" "He never spends anything."

CHEESE FINGERS.—Take a quarter of a pound of puff paste and roll it out thin. Grate two ounces of English cheese; mix with it a little cayenne and salt. Then strew over half the paste, turn the other over and cut it with a sharp knife half an inch wide and two or three inches long. Bake in a quick oven and serve them quite hot, shaking a little grated cheese over before sending to the table.

SNOW FLAKE CAKE.—Cream, one and half cups of sugar, one cup of butter. Add the beaten yelks of three eggs. Sift together two cups of flour and a dessert spoonful of baking powder. Add a cupful of flour to the cream, butter and sugar, then a half teacup of milk, the remainder of the flour and the whites of the eggs. Beat all together. Bake in jelly cake tins. Frost each layer and sprinkle with grated cocoanut.

A GIRL at Fremont, Neb., has taken the first prize for blowing the largest soap-bubble at a church sociable. And yet some persons argue that church sociables are productive of no real, lasting benefit! Young men in Fremont, when looking for a wife, will select some other girl—one less liable to "blow them up" now and then.

A MALICIOUS boy created a panic in a Montreal hotel one day last week by thrusting his head into the dining-room and calling out: "Here comes an officer from New York with a warrant." It was several hours before some of the most nervous guests could be persuaded to come out of the woods and return to their meal.

POLITENESS: One of the legends upon the wall of a room in which the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association held its recent annual meeting was, "Talk to your cow as you would to a lady." But how about conversing with your bull as you would with a gentleman?

FROM one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocations of business. Persons in sedentary employments should drop one-third of their food, and they will escape dyspepsia.

"I HEAR that your father-in-law's will has been filed," said one citizen to another. "You don't say so!" was the alarmed reply. "I'll bet forty cents that they filed my wife's share down the closest!"

"DID you meet young Dudee, or Cortland yesterday?" asked one Marathon man of another. "Yes." "Well, how did he strike you?" "Just as he does everybody. He struck me for a dollar."

ADVICE that should be limited: "Smile whenever you can' is Henry Ward Beecher's advice, but it is not intended to apply to young men who go out between acts to see a man.

DETERIORATION: Jones says that he used to be proficient in half a dozen languages, but since he was married he is not even master of his own tongue.

LET the hens run in the orchard. They will do much toward keeping out the canker worm.

Physicists have lately been trying to determine by experiment whether the electricity of thunder-storms is generated by the evaporation of water or by the condensation of vapor. Freeman and Blake have each obtained results which indicate that no electricity is produced by the evaporation of pure water. S. Kalischer has since made some investigations with delicate apparatus, which have failed to show that condensation or the formation of hail is a source of atmosphere electricity.

A saving of about eighty per cent, is made by substituting for the coal dust and charcoal used with green sand, a careful mixture of one part of tar with twenty parts of green sand. Castings produced from molds made with such a mixture are smooth and bright; because the tar prevents the metal from adhering to the sand and also the formation of blisters. Such a mixture also aids considerably in the production of large castings, as the tar absorbs the humidity of the sand.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for **PILES.** Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416, NEW YORK.

DEBILITY of the General or Nervous Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of VIGOR. Simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe ones, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*

Hale's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. *German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.* etc.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

Thirty Years Record. Endorsed by Physicians.

IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles, Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes. IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

Pamphlet free. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence R. I. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. LINDSEY'S **BLOOD SEARCHER**

The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, PITTSBURG PA.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT **GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.**

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

☞ The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, Sc. Hero, Vt.

"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. 2

PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

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KIDNEY-WORT

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs.

An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. Then succeed sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes.

Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50c. at druggists; 60c by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10c. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

HAY-FEVER

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S.. VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR

All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in Liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

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$65 A MONTH and board for 3 live young Men or Ladies, in each county to take orders for the lives of **BLAINE & LOGAN.** Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Phila.

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Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to-day.

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DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN.

A Sovereign Remedy for the Diseases of Girlhood, Womanhood, and Motherhood.

It positively cures, if directions are followed, the many delicate troubles peculiar to women. This is not simply an assertion, but a fact recognized by the very highest medical authorities. THUS by SIR J. SIMPSON, one of England's most distinguished physicians, PROF. RINGER, and many others, in their practice, have established beyond a doubt the worth of this great remedy in diseases of women. It is a functional tonic, Secretion regulator, and Nervine, and has cured more complaints—and relieved more suffering, to which woman is liable, than any other medicine known. It not only takes away the pains, aches, and weariness, incident to what is commonly known as weakness, but effects astonishing cures in long neglected and obstinate cases. In too frequent and profuse periods, the Specific acts as a tonic and sedative, strengthening the organs and the parts supporting them, and promoting regular, normal action. The Specific is nature's own great remedy, for prolapsus uteri, and other displacements of the womb, in connection with proper local attention. It cures Pruritus Vulvæ, Amenorrhœa, Leucorrhœa, Dysmenorrhœa, Flooding, Inflammation, Ulceration, Epilepsy, Convulsions, St. Vitus' Dance, Sick and Nervous Headache, Rheumatism, Enlarged Joints, Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, Catarrh, Nervousness, Feebleness from Indiscretions and Excesses, Sciatica, Lumbago, Insanity Due to Functional Troubles, &c., &c.

For the complexion, a matter so important to a woman's looks and peace of mind, it is superior to all other preparations.

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To make self-care and self-treatment possible and successful, with or without the use of the Specific, according to the indications in different affections, we have published a valuable book, prepared by Dr. LUTZE, describing in plain language the female functions, weaknesses and diseases, with explicit instructions how to avoid, relieve and cure such complaints. Upon a careful perusal of this book, ladies can decide as a rule, whether their troubles will yield to self-treatment or not. In cases where they have any doubt, Dr. Lutze will, upon application to him personally or by letter, promptly and cheerfully give them the necessary advice without charge.

Of the character and experience of DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S Ex. Surgeon, Ex. Sec. to the Sagtsaw Academy of Medicine, Author of Various Monograms on the Diseases of Women, &c., &c., the publisher of the Saturday Evening Post, the oldest literary and family paper in the United States, takes occasion to say in one full page advertisement contained in his issue of March 22d, 1884:—"*The publisher of this paper has known Dr. Lutze for fifteen years. The Doctor's reputation as a Physician and Surgeon are a sufficient guarantee of the value of his 'Specific for Women.'*"

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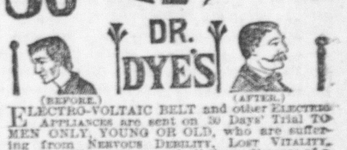
TEACHERS WANTED—10 PRINCIPALS, 12 Assistants, and a number for music, Art, and specialties. Application form for postage.
SCHOOL SUPPLY BUREAU, Chicago, Ill.

30 DAYS' TRIAL



ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Patents Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C., PATENT LAWYER. Write for Inventors' Guide.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Thirty-Three Years among OUR WILD INDIANS by Gen. E. HODGE and SHERMAN. 68-70,000 sold. Agents sell 10 to 25 a day. Send for Extra Terms, Specimen Plate, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Both sides starch polished, thereby doubling their use and value. Adjusts perfectly. No rough edges to annoy. Worn and preferred by MILLIONS of all classes. DO YOU WEAR THEM? If not, why not? Dealers sell 10 for 25c. We postpay TRIAL COLLAR FREE, 12 to 18 in., or pair of Cuffs, 9 to 12 in., for 5 cents. Mention this paper.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., FACTORY: CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Epilepsy, Fits. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Agts. Phila., Pa., and C.N. Crittenton, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of **BLAINE AND LOGAN** by Gen. THOS. W. KNOX. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial. Complete, Low Price, Fast and Cheapest. Over 50 pages $1.50. Sells like wildfire. 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit, Prepaid, and for Extra Terms, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 30, '84

Democratic Delegate Election and County Convention

The Democratic veters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for their districts, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884,

to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. Under the rules the election will open at 2 o'clock p. m. and close at 6 p. m.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet in the Court House, Bellefonte, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1884, AT 2 A. M.,

to name one candidate for President Judge and one candidate for Congress, each of whom shall be subject to the decision of the conferences of their respective districts; to choose such conferees as may be deemed necessary, and to nominate one candidate for Associate Judge; two candidates for Assembly; one candidate for Sheriff; one candidate for Prothonotary; one candidate for Treasurer; one candidate for Register; one candidate for Recorder; two candidates for County Commissioners; two candidates for Auditor, and to transact such other business as the interests of the party may require.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled is as follows:

Bellefonte, N W	2	Haines, W P	2
" S W	3	Halfmoon	1
" W W	1	Harris	3
Milesburg	1	Howard	1
Millheim	2	Huston	1
Unionville	1	Liberty	1
Howard, boro	1	Marion	2
Philipsburg, 1st W	1	Miles	5
" 2d W	2	Patton	1
" 3d W	1	Penn	3
Benner	3	Potter, N P	3
Burnside	1	" S P	4
Boggs	4	Rush	3
College	2	Snow Shoe	3
Curtin	1	Spring	4
Ferguson, O P	3	Taylor	1
" N P	1	Union	1
Gregg, S P	5	Walker	4
" N P	1	Worth	2
Haines, E P	1		

The rules governing the election of delegates as well as the names of those chosen to hold them will be published in the REPORTER prior to the election.

P. GRAY MEEK,
Chairman Dem. Co. Committee.

J. C. MEYER, Secretary.

The *Baptist Examiner*, the leading journal of that denomination in the United States, has this judgement of the Democratic candidate for President:

Governor Cleveland is now in the second year of his chief magistracy of the State of New York, and it is not doing too much to place him in the front rank of the best Governors the Empire State has ever had. As General Bragg said in the Chicago Convention, his best commendation is the character of the enemies he has made. He has proved himself to be a State chief magistrate who has placed principles above party. Having done everything well he has undertaken to do, there is the best reason to believe that if elected to the Presidency of the United States he will again prove himself to be equal to its high and responsible duties. He has said, what few men could say who have received the national nomination for its highest office, that it is an honor which he has never sought.

The editors of the "Examiner" are Republicans.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

It is worth more than riches, for without it riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using Kidney-Wort. It acts upon the liver, bowels and kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists.

THE WAGES OF WORKINGMEN.

Many workingmen believe that protection protects them. It does to the extent of making the clothing they wear and much of the food they eat dearer; but what does it do for their labor? This question is very well answered by the following brief dispatch sent out from Columbus, Ohio, last week:

"The Ohio Coal Exchange has decided to import Sweeds and Hungarians to take the place of the 3000 men now on a strike."

This dispatch was sent to all the leading papers of the country, but only a few of them printed it. It isn't the kind of information protection journals delight to spread before their readers. There is a tariff of 75 cents on each ton of foreign coal brought into this country, and only by the help of workingmen's votes could that duty have been imposed or could it be continued. Yet what is the result? Every man's household expenses are made heavier because of this tax; every manufacturing industry into which the use of coal enters is saddled with an increased cost which must in the end be born by the great army of consumers. The only ones who are benefitted by this tax on the country's prosperity are the coal mine owners and operators; and when their workmen strike against wages, which in this state have been as low as from sixty to eighty cents a day, with half-time work at that, their places are filled promptly by importing the pauper labor of Europe. This is is not only true of coal miners; iron workers and many other classes of artisans know to their sorrow that the question of wages is settled almost entirely by the law of supply and demand. There is no protection for labor. The sooner the working classes understand this the better it will be for them.—Philad. *Record*.

The Burdock Plant is one of the best diuretics or kidney regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters is unsurpassed in all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood.

BURIAL OF MRS. CASSIDY.

The funeral of the wife of Attorney-General Cassidy took place on 23d from her residence in Germantown, and was largely attended. The pall bearers were Gov. Pattison, Secretary Stenger, Judge Elcock, Pierce Archer, J. G. Gordon and W. M. Singerly.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair renewer never fails in restoring gray hair to its youthful color, lustre and vitality. Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Mass., endorses it, and all who give it a fair trial unite in grateful testimony to its many virtues.

FORTY-EIGHT MORE VICTIMS.

Marseilles, July 24.—There were forty-eight deaths from cholera here during the 24 hours ending at nine o'clock to-night.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most effective blood purifier ever devised. It is recommended by the best physicians.

Sunbeams.

The ballet is a legacy of our foremothers.

Bound over for a new trial—Last year's spring suit.

What the girls are not apt to object to—Sunday males.

What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life? The letter M.

There is a similarity between lilies and and dead cats, in that they should both be planted deep.

All the early martyrs were not poor. John the Baptist was "one sent ahead in the wilderness."

There is luck in odd numbers. That is, more peace in the house if there is but one baby instead of twins.

An exchange says that there can be no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

A reporter, describing a wedding, said "it was all over in a very few minutes." Gracious! That sounds like a hanging.

Wiggins claims to have seen two moons. We would simply warn Mr. Wiggins that this is "one of the first symptoms."

"Will you join me in a cup of tea, Mr. Simpkins?" Mr. Simpkins: "Ah, thank you; but wouldn't it be rather crowded?"

A man has just been hung out West for killing his sister-in-law. His widow hardly knows how to dress under the circumstances.

Somebody says "Good manners are the small coin of virtue." If this be true, we suppose bad manners must be the trade dollar of vice.

These warm evenings are just the right time to pop the question, for the girl is usually ready to wilt before the young man has time to say, "Wilt thou be mine?"

The census proves that the number of persons in a family in this country is a small fraction over five. In some families the husband is the small fraction over.

Be careful to avoid unripe fruit and drinking too much ice water. Everybody ought to want to live until Fall just to see how many electoral votes Ben Butler gets.

An Irish magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married. "No," replied the man. "Then," replied his worship, amid peals of laughter, "it is a good thing for your wife."

The ladies are against Logan. They say that when human hair brings such a good price no man has the right to wear a moustache big enough to make a first-class switch.

Now that a political campaign is coming on, Congress ought to pass a law compelling stump orators to wear porous plasters over their mouths and talk only through the holes.

Emerson said: "Trust men and they will trust you." It might be well for young men who have not yet paid for their Spring suits to cut this out and enclose it to their tailors."

Dr. Mary Walker said a few days ago to a Washington interviewer that she would wear pantaloons or nothing. This is dangerous. The doctor must be let alone. We cannot bear the alternative.

"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; ma went out washing and forgot to put it out for you before she left." "How do you know she forgot to put it out?" "Well, she told me so."

"The artistic taste in Mrs. B.'s new bonnet is so perfect you can almost hear it speak," remarked a Madison avenue husband unto his spouse. "Yes," was the reply, "it is certainly very loud."

An Oswego paper described a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens and flung their fiery arms like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water."

A Hoboken justice asked a colored prisoner if he had ever been arrested before. "No, sah; I has nebber yit bin 'rested befoah. I runs so fast that hit's as much as de pleeceman kin do ter cotch me behind."

Said bright-eyed little Julia, a Jersey City Heights girl of five Summers, who was giving evidence of some bodily pain, when asked by her mother if she had the side ache: "No, mamma; but I've got the front ache."

Squiggs will not allow his eldest daughter, who has reached the mature age of sixteen, to have a beau. He says that his wife can do all the billing and the new baby all the cooing that the house can stand at present.

"My dear madam," said the doctor, "if your little fellow can't sleep, I shall prescribe a soporific." "Thanks, doctor," replied the fond mother, "I do hope he'll take it, but I'm afraid not. I never could get that boy to take kindly to soap in any form."

"Upon looking at the size of the Greenback party," says Colonel Mooney, "one is reminded of the remark of the Irishman upon seeing a very small coffin in the window of an undertaker. 'It's entirely too small to be intended for any livin' orator.'

Good Samaritan (to friend with "hot coppers")—"What's the matter, old chappie?" Sufferer—"Oh, my dear boy, my brain is on fire! What would you advise me to do?" G. S.—"Well, if your brains are on fire, if I were you I should, er—blow them out."

Mr. Churchpillar—"Do you know where little boys go to who play ball on the Sabbath day?" Small boy—"Betcher life we do. Dey goes over ter Hoboken, case de cops nab 'em if dey play here. If yer want to see a rattlin' good game, come over wid us and be umpire."

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma, who was something of a skeptic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian Church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time for you to get in somewhere?"

Patient—"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." Doctor (after feeling of her pulse)—"There is nothing the matter, madam. All you need is rest." Patient—"Now, aren't you mistaken, doctor? Please study my case carefully. Just look at my tongue." Doctor—"That needs rest, too."

Mr. Blaine's letter of acceptance is nearly as long as all the Mulligan letters together.—Chicago Times.

A TERRIBLE FIRE.

A Great Loss in the Grain Districts of California.

Modeste, Cal., July 22.—A terrible fire raged on Sunday in the northern part of the San Joaquin Valley. Thousands of acres of grain were destroyed.

The farmers, after a well organized struggle, succeeded in checking the flames. The fire started again yesterday morning in a wheat field near here, and an alarm was instantly telegraphed and telephoned to all available points. Two thousand men from the different sections hastened to the rescue.

The old-fashioned prairie manner of fighting a fire with fire was resorted to, and at 3.25 p. m., after a desperate struggle, the fire was under control. The streets here and at Oakdale are filled with scorched faces and singed hair. Six thousand acres of grain and several large dwellings were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

The fire in the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley, which destroyed thousands of acres of wheat was yesterday extinguished by the farmers after a long fight with the flames.

——All the candidates now traveling the county for offices wear suits purchased at the Philad. Branch, and that is the reason why each one is ahead and sure of the nomination. There is luck in a suit purchased of Lewins & Co., and if you want to come out ahead, take this hint.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

Have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20	p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 20	a m
" "	Montandon	5 45	a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25	a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57	a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 25	a m
" "	Renovo	9 35	a m
" arr at	Erie	6 00	p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10	a m
" "	Montandon	10 39	a m
" "	Williamsport	11 45	a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 45	p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40	a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25	a m
" "	Montandon	1 32	a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 35	p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 55	p m
" "	Renovo	5 05	p m
" "	Kane	9 25	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		8 05	p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10	p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 25	p m
" "	Montandon	5 50	p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10	p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 05	p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 15	p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00	a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29	a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10	a m
" "	Montandon	9 20	a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30	a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00	a m
" "	Renovo	10 05	a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15	a m
" "	Williamsport	12 35	p m
" "	Montandon	1 35	p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	5 45	p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 25	p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	1 55	p m
" "	Renovo	10 40	p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 45	p m
" "	Williamsport	1 00	a m
" "	Montandon	2 05	a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20	a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 50	a m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo	3 40	p m
" "	Williamsport	6 35	p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00	p m
" "	Montandon	7 42	p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25	p m
" "	Philadelphia	3 05	a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent.

The Coming President,

WANTED, one or two Ladies or Gentlemen of undoubted reference and character, willing to work eight hours per day for a six months' engagement, as Traveling Agents for "The Lives and Graves of our Presidents," to every subscriber of which book WILL BE GIVEN FREE "The Lives of the Four Candidates." Why pay from $2 to $4 for the Lives of the Candidates when you can get it free? First applicants get choice of positions. Good pay to the right party. Address, giving name of reference,

HILL & HARVEY PUBLISHING CO.,
16ju3m 55 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23apr3m

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

—DINGES—

I am now prepared to furnish my friends and the public in general with Groceries, Dry-Goods, Notions and all goods embraced in general Merchandise at lower prices than ever offered before in Centre Hall. I pay Cash and sell for Cash, and therefore claim I can do better for you than anyone else is doing. Give me a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED.

SAW MILLS *supplied with Provisions at special rates.*

Very truly,

C. DINGES.

FINEST AND BEST.

MANUFACTURED BY J. H. BYRNES, MOOSEHEAD, N. H. SHOULD HAVE A FAIR.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of

MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES

in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE

ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST SHOES,

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.

un4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the

BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS.

2,tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $200 per mo. made selling our Grand New History, Famous and Decisive Battles of the World. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &

PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES,

COAL STOVES,

& RANGES

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

Ladies, a paper pattern will not cost you anything if you purchase your dress at Valentine's Store Co., Limited, 51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade, Bellefonte, which is the best and cheapest store for dry-goods, groceries, boots, shoes and general merchandise. 2j4t

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
Examination for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address

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J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.

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CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY,
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Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages and other writings. Bellefonte, Pa.

BOND VALENTINE,

Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission.
Insures First-class Life Companies.
" " Life and Accident Companies.
" " Fire Companies.
German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

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REAPER SECTIONS AND
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And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS,
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—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

A CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.—The undersigned offers extra inducements to persons wishing to operate in lime burning or quarrying building stones. He has the best quality of lime stone for all purposes, analysed and tested, right on the L. & T. Railroad. Also quarries of the largest and most beautiful lime stone for building purposes, also cement stone pronounced first-class by the analyser. Ground will be sold or leased given, to suit operators. For further particulars call on C. J. STAMM.
23apr3m Linden Hall, Pa.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA.
7may9m Spring Mills, Pa.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

Incorporated in 1848.

Assets, $3,000,000; Surplus, $1,050,000.

$1000 Bonds sold on yearly instalments. These bonds are payable to the holder at the expiration of 20 years or at previous death, or a stipulated amount payable in cash at the end of any year after the first, on their surrender. For circulars call on or address

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NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

—Chartered in 1835.—

Assets, December 31, 1883—$16,901,943.00
Surplus, " " " — 3,456,922.00

Policies non-forfeitable. Dividends annually, commencing with second annual payment. An endorsement of the Cash Value and Paid-up insurance for every year, made on each policy. Every life Policy becomes an endowment at a fixed age, without change of premium. MARSTON & WAKELIN, General Agents, 133 S. 4th St., Philad.

R. M. MCENALLY, Special Agent,
Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte Penn'a. 21may3m

A Question Promptly Answered.

Why is the Twenty-five dollar Phosphate The Best?

BECAUSE it costs less than any other standard ammoniated animal Bone Super-Phosphate in the American market, and acts as well as the best.

TRADE THE MARK.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR

-PHOSPHATE-

ADOPTED 1880.

CHEAPEST and BEST.

For circulars giving analysis and further information, call on or address

BAUGH & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers,
20 So. Del. Ave., Philadelphia

New Store.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Steam

Bending Shops.

AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style,

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8 P.M.	10 P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M. 4.13	
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		1.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.05
Montandon ar.	5 40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

Consult Dr. BUTTS (Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO) In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilis and Venereal Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.

Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

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BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO., 66 North 4th St. Philadelphia, Pa. Also other grand new books and Bibles.

Indulgence and Exercises.

Whether over eating and drinking are made harmless by using Hop Bitters freely, giving elegant appetite and enjoyment by using them before and removing all dullness, pains and distress afterwards, leaving the head clear, and all the feelings buoyant, elastic and more happy than before. The pleasing effects of a Christian or sumptuous dinner continuing days afterwards.

Eminent Testimony.

N. Y. "Witness," August 15, 1880,

"I find that in addition to the pure spirits contained in their composition, they contain the extracts of hops and other well known and highly approved medicinal roots, leaves and tinctures in quantities sufficient to render the article what the makers claim it to be, to wit, a medicinal preparation and not a beverage—unfit and unsafe to be used except as a medicine.

"From a careful analysis of their formula—which was attested under oath—I find that in every wine-glassfull of Hop Bitters, the active medicinal properties abide from the distilled spirits are equal to a full dose for an adult, which fact in my opinion, subjects to an internal revenue tax as a medicinal bitter. GREEN B. RAUM.

U. S. Com. In. Rev."

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs became puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in this case; otherwise I would have been in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, '81.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it." A WORKINGMAN.

$11,950
IN CASH
GIVEN AWAY

To the SMOKERS of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

The genuine has picture of BULL on every package.

For particulars see our next announcement.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN
Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Druggists.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF
SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA
DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
ITCH, —ALL— FEMALE COMPLAINTS, For LOSS of APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.
R. F. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR
HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE NERVOUS AND
LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements: different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.
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Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,
Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

This Life is What we Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may make it;
Our hands contain the magic wand;
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

Death or Dishonor.

When Grandfather Ackland died, I stood by his bedside. Cousin Rudolph was on the other. We were quite alone, for the nurse had been sent away, and we were very sad, for we loved our grandfather dearly. We were waiting to hear something that he had desired to say to us; and at last he spoke.

"Rudolph," he said, "you have not formed any matrimonial engagements without my knowledge, I suppose?"

"No, sir," answered Rudolph.

"Nor you, Felicia?" asked my grandfather.

"Oh, no," said I.

"I am glad of that," said he. "Now, Rudolph, I know you admire your cousin, and that she respects you. It would rejoice me greatly if you would both think over a proposition which I am about to make to you. I should like to see you engaged to each other before I die. I have left the property between you, and that would reunite it. Still, I would not make that my motive. I believe you well suited to each other; well contrasted in physical appearance, with the qualities to satisfy each other; I should know that Felicia had a protector on whom I could rely, and you a wife to make you happy. Think it over, and answer me to-morrow.'

Neither of us said anything. Soon we were sent away; but that evening Rudolph came to me.

"Felicia," he said, "do you think you could put up with me?"

"Rudolph," I answered, "even to please grandpa', I can't marry a husband who doesn't love me."

"But I do," said Rudolph—"dearly. Nobody could help it,"

"And I suppose romance is chiefly found in plays and novels," said I. "Real love and friendship are what people actually have in happy married life."

"Oh, as to that, let us be romantic, too," said Rudolph. "You see, being cousins, we've never thought of it; but I should be very glad if you could make up your mind, my dear."

So the next morning—I was sixteen and Rudolph eighteen, remember—we promised our grandfather to do as he wished. We were not to marry until I was twenty and Rudolph twenty-two. Meanwhile, I was to be under the protection of an old friend, since I had no living relatives; and we were both to take a tour through Europe, and to proceed with our education. We made our grandfather very happy, and wept in each other's arms when he died. However, my feelings did not alter to Rudolph. I had always loved him dearly, and no special romance connected itself with him; only I think a woman always feels pleased to know that a handsome, admirable young man is her very own for life.

Thus matters were arranged when we started for Paris in the same steamer under proper chaperonage. We did the cities. We saw nature as seen by other tourists. We looked at the pictures, heard the music, visited the libraries. We were by no means always together, and it chanced that in Rome I was introduced to a gentleman, a young friend of my chaperon's, who was very courteous to me, and offered us his escort whenever it was needed.

He was a young sculptor, rich, an Italian by birth, by name Giovanni Monaldini, but very, very handsome.

When I had known him a little while, Rome began to have a wondrous charm for me. Places I cared nothing for at first were invested with a glamor of romance. I spent days in the galleries with him, my chaperon asleep in a chair hard by.

Rudolph declared himself sick of high art. He spent most of his time at the house of the father of a school-friend of his, whom he had met by chance—a fellow who always had a good cigar and plenty of music. Music was Rudolph's fancy just then.

How easily we slip into places we would never enter willingly! One morning I awoke in my little Roman bed, under a painted ceiling, and with the light falling upon me through a stained glass window, and suddenly recognized the truth.

The romance that had not come to me with my engagement to my cousin had come with my acquaintance with Giovanni. I loved my cousin; but I was in love with the sculptor, and he with me.

Oh, the bitter sharps I felt—the deep contrition! I could only say to myself, "I could not help it;" and then cry, "Weak, wicked creature! how dare you say that?" And then I knelt down and prayed for help, and it seemed to me that I might pray better in the dim old cathedral so near us; and dressing myself hastily, I glided out at the door, telling no one where I was going.

There were few in the church at that early hour; but even as I caressed my own grief, I noticed another more sad than I—a young, English-looking girl, a very violet of a creature, dressed in mourning, and with a tear-stained face.

She started up. There was a strange look in her eyes. I felt that I read its meaning. She intended to destroy herself.

"The victim of some wicked deceiver," I thought to myself. "But she shall not—she shall not! I will follow her and save her."

And when, in a moment or two, she slipped out of the church, I was at her heels.

She turned, as I expected, into the Strada di Ripetta, which leads straight to the banks of the Tiber, and at last she stood close to its edge, in the shelter of an old wall, making up her mind, as I saw, to the awful plunge she had contemplated.

Then I went close to her, and caught her by her dress, and said, softly, "Stop! I know what you are going to do. You are wrong, whatever troubles you have. I have followed you to keep you from the river."

The girl turned sharply, and looked at me.

"What do you know about me?" she asked.

"Only what I saw in the church," said I.

"Is it so plainly written in my face that a stranger can see it?" she cried. "Then, indeed, the water is the place for me—no other!"

I held her tighter.

"How do you know what comes after?" I cried—"after this life? Worse than shame, perhaps."

"Shame!" she said. "Oh, how dare you? Do you think I am a young person who has had no respect for herself?"

"People always think that of girls who drown themselves," I answered.

"Don't think it of me," she said; "I am only foolish. Perhaps you came there to the cathedral to pray because you were sad?"

"Yes," I said.

"You knew about me because your own heart told you," she said. "You've been good and kind to follow me. I think I'll tell you—all but the names.

"I'm a poor governess. I came here with a rich family, and a friend of the son's. He visited me. He is a splendid creature—good, true, perfect, beautiful; but he liked me. And I used to sing to him—I am quite one of the family—and—I grew to love him; and yesterday, at twilight, he walked on the hills with me. Suddenly he told me how he loved me, and how he should never be happy, for he was engaged to a girl whom he must marry.

"'Little Violet,' he said, 'I ask nothing of life but the right to love you and protect you, and that I cannot have for honor's sake.'" And he told me how good she was, and handsome; and nothing—nothing to him beside little me.

"So all night I lay awake, and I made up my mind to kill myself this morning. Now you know all. Life is nothing to me if Rudolph is lost—married to that girl! Rudolph, who cried when we parted though he was a man!"

"Rudolph!" cried I.

"Hush!" she cried. "I did not mean to say that."

"Rudolph Ackland," I continued.

"I never told you," said she.

"No," said I; "I am a fortune-teller. Violet, look into my eyes. Believe me—I know. There is no need of drowning yourself. That girl will not marry Rudolph Ackland. She loves some one else better. She feels free to marry him now. She knows that Rudolph's heart would not be broken. Go home. Rudolph will come to you."

"What do you mean!" asked the girl. "Are you a fortune-teller? I believe you are—that—that girl herself."

"We will make no confessions," said I. "Kiss me and go home."

She put her lips to mine. And then we went together up the Strada, and I went home. On the way I met Giovanni. My heart beat high with joy—higher yet when we parted, for we had pledged our faith to each other.

My chaperon and Cousin Rudolph were breakfasting together. Rudolph was pale; he said nothing. My chaperon scolded me. But when she left us for a moment, I said to him, "Cousin, cheer up. Let us thank Heaven we were only engaged—not married. I think you had better go and see Violet this morning. I am going to the Vatican with Giovanni. We make excellent cousins. Let us retain that relation only. Our romance has come to us otherwise than we hoped."

I think—such is man—that he was hurt and angry with me; but he went to Violet, and is his wife to-day, and I Giovanni's. And the seas roll between our homes, for I have never left Rome, and he transplanted his Violet to England.

Pittsburg, July 23.—Last Sunday evening Lizzie Bradley, while suffering from mental depression, disappeared from home and all efforts to find her were fruitless until last evening when she was traced to a camp up the Monongahela river, more dead than alive. Her body was covered with wounds and she was unconscious. Jewelry worth $100 in her possession when she left home was missing. The young men in charge of the camp fled when they were discovered, but were arrested this morning. Physicians entertain but slight hopes of the girl's recovery.

Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2 cent stamp.

MURDERERS HANGED.

New Orleans, July 25.—Victor Clay, for wife murder, and Kendrick Holland colored, for killing his mistress were hanged here to-day.

A DISTILLERY BURNED.

Pittsburg, July 24.—A Connellsville, Pa., dispatch says: A A. Overholt & Co's distillery caught fire last night and in 3 hours the main building together with three bonded warehouses and 7000 barrels of whisky were burned.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY,
11jun tf Druggist.

CLEVELAND Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life; written at his own home, with his co-operation and assistance, by the renowned Goodrich. Largest, cheapest, handsomest, best. Elegantly illustrated. Costs more per copy to manufacture than the other lives that are sold for twice its price. Outsells all others ten to one. One of our agents made a profit of $50 the first day. A harvest of gold will be realized by every worker. All new beginners succeed grandly. Terms free, and the most liberal ever offered. Save valuable time by sending 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, which includes large prospectus book. Act quickly; a day at the start is worth a week at the finish.
2jul2m H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

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Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, — DOORS
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c.
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
23july G. S. CONFER & SON.

NEW SHOE STORE.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF
Boots, Shoes and Slippers,
OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE
Largest, Best and Cheapest
EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL. CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.
JOHN MULLEN,
23apr1y Centre Hall, Pa.

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Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 15 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort caused easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

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Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

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Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
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FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

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NEW HOME
Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE Co
30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
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On L. & T. R. R
FINE SUMMER RESORT.
Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.
TERMS REASONABLE.
J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
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COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS,
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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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PROF. HARRIS' Pastille
A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.
Tested for over 6 years by use in thousands of cases.
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ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7

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Read What a Patient says of it:
"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."
Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 28, 1882.
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One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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NOT TO-DAY.

Not to-day the golden fruition
Of the hopes that beckon on,
For the joy of attained ambition
Flashed not from the eyes of dawn.

Not to-day the vessel riding
In the port of Happy Isles,
Where rapture is ever abiding
And illusion no more beguiles.

Not to-day the bloom of the lotus
To gladden seasick eyes,
And a glory like that of Canopus
On the evening's tropic skies.

All of these for evasive to-morrow,
But to-day desire's unrest,
The toil of endeavor and sorrow
For the slow, uncertain quest.

WRONGLY ACCUSED.

The sunshine of a morning in early June was streaming across the bare and discolored floors of the dreary old servants' office where blue-eyed little Rebecca Glenn sat patiently waiting for her chance in the great lottery of life.

She was a modest, pink-cheeked lassie with lips like a ripe red raspberry; rippling brown hair that needed no "crimping pins" to give it the fashionable undulation, and a clear, healthy skin, browned with country wind and country sunshine.

Her dress was of cheap calico, of the color known as "madder red," and she wore a bonnet, tied down under her dimpled chin with a sober green ribbon that bore too evident traces of having been washed and ironed more than once.

"Oh, dear," thought Rebecca, with a little sigh, as she moved uneasily on the hard bench, "will nobody employ me?"

Rebecca was getting rather despondent, in spite of the brave courage which had upheld her during the long weary hours of the sultry morning.

Apparently there was a great demand for cooks, waitresses were wanted in all directions; children's nurses, seamstresses, lady's maids seemed to find no difficulty in obtaining situations, but nobody appeared to want a maid-of-all-work.

One by one the companions of her morning's vigil dropped away, and still Rebecca sat there, flushed and weary, thinking of the solitary two-shilling piece in her purse. She knew that it would only suffice to purchase her another supper and another night's lodging. And then—then what would become of her, a solitary, friendless country girl, all alone in the cruel, tumultuous babel of that great city?

But all of a sudden, a cheery, pleasant sounding voice chimed in her ears—the voice of a portly old lady, in a rustling black silk and gold spectacles, who had just came into the office.

"I would prefer a young girl, ma'am," said the pleasantly modulated voice, "some one who isn't too old to learn my way of doing things, and could suit herself to me and my belongings—some one ma'am, who could make herself generally useful, and be always ready when I called, and treat my cat and green parrot kindly. I am not at all particular about her having much experience, or——"

The mistress of the registry struck skilfully in, as the garrulous old lady paused to take breath. "I have a young person here, madam, that I think will suit you exactly," she said peering over the top of her big, railed-in desk. "She is from the country and has a very interesting face." "Rebecca!" she called aloud; "Rebecca Glenn! come here!"

And Rebecca came, timid and blushing, but very pretty withal, with her heart beating so that she could hardly speak.

"There, Mrs. Perkins," said the dame of the desk, waving her hand to the girl.

And Mrs. Perkins saw, questioned, and approved. "Well," she said, after a few queries were propounded and answered. "I like your looks and I think I'll engage you."

Rebecca's heart leaped up within her. She had been so nearly homeless that a prospect of a home in good truth seemed very inviting to her. "Thank you, ma'am," she said, shyly,

"Two pounds a quarter is all that I can give you at first," went on Mrs. Perkins, smoothing down the thick folds of her silk dress. "You know, its always best to adhere to your set rules—but if you make yourself of use to me, I shall probably increase the amount in the course of a month or two." So little Rebecca Glenn found a situation at last, in the roomy old fashioned house of Mrs. Perkins, where the back windows opened upon a garden full of honeysuckles, and tangled gooseberry hedges, the lovely alleys, shaded with the umbrella-like foliage of huge old pear and cherry trees, gnarled and ancient, and fringed with silver-green patches of moss.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" was Rebecca's first involuntary exclamation. "It makes me think of my home in the country."

"Do you like it my girl?" asked Mrs. Perkins with a pleased smile; and Rebecca had unconsciously made another step in the cheery old widow's good graces. Rebecca was very happy in her new home. True, there were drawbacks to her complete felicity. The parrot was vociferous and quarrelsome; and the cat old, irritable and surly, with a great genius for the use of her claws; but then, Mrs. Perkins herself was such a perpetual fount of beaming good humor and smiles, that Rebecca, whose heart was like a convovulvus vsne stretching out to whoever would welcome it, grew very fond of her. Nor was the girl's partiality unreciprocated. I shouldn't wonder if I were to adopt that child, sometime or other," said Mrs. Perkins to her next-door neighbor, Miss Verbena Webb. "She's an orphan, with no one to care for her, and very pretty and amiable, and really I am getting to be very much attached to her."

Miss Webb elevated her ancient nose rather disparagingly in the air. Miss Webb was no optimist. "There's always some low, vicious streak about those sort of people! How came she to be so poor and friendless, I'd like to know? I always mistrust a girl who has no friends.

"But my dear, that's her misfortune, not her fault. She is not to be blamed for that!"

"Perhaps she isn't—perhaps she is," replied Miss Verbena laconically. "I would not trust her with my silver spoons, that I know."

Mrs. Perkins rubbed her spectacles with a troubled air. Somehow Miss Verbena Webb's misanthropic scale of life did not agree with her sunshiny scale of philosophy. She went home to trim her Sunday cap, wishing she had not been to see Miss Verbena.

"Rebecca, my dear just bring me my work-basket, and my thimble, and the piece of Valenciennes lace out of the right hand corner of my top bureau drawer."

"Here's the basket and thimble, ma'am, but I don't see the lace," said alert little Rebecca.

"Look again, child. I put it there this very morning; I remember it distinctly."

"It is not there, Mrs Perkins."

The old lady jumped up and trotted across the room, to institute a personal search. But Rebecca was right—the lace was not there. In vain Mrs. Perkins turned all her bureau drawers, and boxes and baskets, inside out and upside down. Her search was utterly fruitless. She stood a moment in deep, puzzled meditation. Was Miss Verbena right after all? And had she been deceived all these weeks by the airs of an unprincipled adventuress?

"Rebecca, dear," she said, coaxingly, "the lace was very valuable; I gave ten shillings a yard for it, and there were four yards and a quarter."

"Yes, ma'am." said Rebecca, wondering what was to come next.

"And if you have taken it my dear, without thinking, you know, wouldn't it be better to restore it at once? I won't be angry with you—I won't indeed—and we'll overlook it, and——"

"Mrs Perkins!"

The indignant blood suffused Rebecca's cheek, like a scarlet banner. She burst into tears.

"Yes, but, my dear, what else could have become of it? No one has been in the house but you, and I have trusted all my keys to you, and——"

But Rebecca's out-burst of sobs checked the old lady's speech.

Indeed, they might have convinced her of the grieved girl's innocence, had it not been for Miss Verbena Webb, who had hurried in, like a vulture, to the field of battle.

"Of course she has stolen it!" said the irate spinster. "It's as plain as daylight, and I wonder at your doubting it for an instant, Charity Perkins? What did I tell you about these sort of girls, eh?"

"I suppose I ought to dismiss her," faltered soft-hearted Mrs. Perkins.

"Dismiss her!" Of course you ought, without a moment's delay, and I should pack her off in charge of a policeman, and have all her baggage searched — the bold-faced little hussey!" For Rebecca's dimpled beauty only served to harden the sour maiden's heart against her; and the pink cheeks and the brown, rippled hair were an abomination past forgiveness in Verbena's eyes.

"No," said Mrs. Perkins, resolutely, "there shall be no policeman. If Rebecca must go, she shall go quietly, but I do wish she would make up her mind to confess."

The sun was sinking like a huge ball of blood, behind the September horizon, when poor Rebecca Glenn crept crying away from Mrs. Perkins' threshold, as utterly alone and homeless as one of God's innocent creatures can well be. "Where can I go? What shall I do?" she repeated over and over to herself as she toiled on. "My head aches, and my eyes feel so hot and burning—and I have no place to hide myself in, away from the cruel world." The moon had risen when Rebecca sank down on a stone by the roadside, to rest and cry. She somehow had fancied that the quiet country lanes would be a place of refuge, yet now that she had reached them, every bush and stump and gnarled tree seemed to point the fingers of scorn at her, and every breeze to murmur, mockingly—"Suspected as a thief, suspected as thief." Rebecca thought her heart was breaking. Ah, if it only would break, and not ache so bitterly. She leaned her head against the trunk of a tree, and closed her throbbing eyes, with a mute prayer at her heart for the blessed gift of oblivion.

"Rebecca. My dear little Rebeca." She opened her eyes with a quick, convulsive start, almost fancying the familiar voice was but the delusion of a dream.

"Mrs. Perkins!"

"Yes, child it is I, and a pretty chase I've had after you, to be sure, ever since the sun went down. Come back with me, Rebecca, and be as my own child, henceforward. I've wronged you cruelly, and I could bite my own tongue out to think I let that vinegar-faced old maid talk me out of my common sense. I've found the lace, Rebecca."

"Where, ma'am?"

"Well, you had hardly got out of sight, before I heard the parrot chattering like all possessed, down in the garden, and there he was with his beak and his claws down in the hollow and something white shining among the the leaves. I called John to bring the ladder, and rushed out just as quick as ever I could, and my dear, it was my Valenciennes lace, all in a tangle. And not that alone, but one of my best silver spoons. You may believe I never was so glad of anything in all my life. It was not the lace so much,—but to think I had wronged you so bitterly, my poor, innocent, little girl. However, you'll come home with me now, and never leave me again, my child." And Rebecca, crying out her great happiness on the old lady's motherly breast, went home with her, to a life of peaceful happiness once more. But Miss Verbena Webb's belief in "natural depravity" still remains unshaken, in spite of circumstances.

Politics as a Profession.

Adapted to this land and age—Listen to me Ben Abrahim. My son, if you are going into politics, write these axioms upon your heart with hooks of steel, as it were:

It is right to steal from the government.

If it isn't right, it is customary, which gives the practice a color of legal right.

Do not steal from the government as though you were ashamed of it. Only a common pickpocket is ashamed of his profession. Steal boldly. Plunge your thievish arms into the coffers of the government clear up to the elbows, shut both hands tight and come away with a full hold and a fair deck-load. When you grab, grab as though you never expected to hold office again. Be like the lightning, which never strikes twice in the same place; because it doesn't need to; because it never leaves anything to strike at.

Promise everybody everything they ask for. It is so much easier to promise a man what he wants than it is to refuse him and have him torment you with importunities and pester you for reasons. Then, when the day for the fulfilment of the promise comes to hand, renew the promise. Take up one note by giving another. In the slang of the infidel, stand him off for another term, and tell him that when you go back again then you will do all these things for him. And if it be so that you do not go back, how can you do anything for him? And if you do go back, say to him that you will not buy your place of any man. What dirt is this he throws on the beard of a reformer? By the head of the Sultan, there are hardly enough places for your own family.

In your official career ever practice a rigid economy in all departments and disbursements out of your own immediate reach. Cut off the appropriation for chewing-gum for the orphans' homes and recommend that the orphans solace their infantile but juvenile jaws with inexpensive but long-lasting quids cut from the heels of their overshoes. The money thus saved to the state you can appropriate for the usual purpose of giving yourself a railroad excursion with all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining.

Talk a great deal, but never say anything. And strive to keep what you say from the ears of the scribe who sitteth in the seat of the correspondent, for he hath an evil eye, and the point of his pencil hath the sting of a scorpion. He dippeth his pen in gall and aqua fortis and—death to his race—it is the love of his heart to impale on his venomous quill the honest statesman who is trying to earn a years' living in a two-weeks' vacation. May Allah break the leg of his camel.

Smyrna.

The city of Smyrna is situated in a vast level plain, behind which is a range of high hills. On one of the highest of these are the ruins of a fortress of the time of the crusaders. The walls have fallen in many places, but enough remains to show it was very formidable in its day. Along the water-front a long stone quay has been built, and it is lined with hotels, cafes and stores. It is called the Bhum, and is the lounging place of the whole city, especially near sunset, when every one comes out for a walk. The city is much more European in character than any Oriental city we have seen; most of the people wear European styles of clothing, and live in modern style of houses. The bazaars are large and numerous, but somewhat disappointing after seeing those of Cairo.

A great mind is formed by a few great ideas.

A Base Ball Factory.

"The base ball manufacturing business has had a rapid but prosperous growth," said a manufacturer recently. "It is confined to a few men, and probably will not be encroached upon by speculators. There are in the United States to-day only eight factories of any importance, and yet these are entirely sufficient to supply all the balls that are wanted in this country. Recently there has been a sort of a 'boom' in the ball market. This is caused by the adoption by clothing houses throughout the country of the custom of giving to juvenile purchasers base balls as presents. The balls are of different grades and prices. The kind that are given away are, of course, cheap but quite durable. Perhaps you would like to see how the balls are made. Follow me and I will show you the whole process."

On the upper floor of the establishment sat several men with baskets of dampened chamois and buckskin clippings at their sides. Before each workman stood a stout piece of joist, in the end of which was inserted a mould, hemispherical in shape, in which the balls are formed. Taking a handful of the cuttings from the basket, the workman pressed them together in his hands and then wound about the mass a few yards of strong woollen yarn. Placing the embryo ball in the mould, he pounds it into shape with a heavy flat mallet, and then wound on more yarn and gave the ball another pounding.

After testing its weight on a pair of scales and its diameter with a tape measure he threw the ball into a basket and began another. When the newly-made balls are thoroughly dried they are carried to the sewing-room on the floor below where they are to receive their covers. Forty young women sat at tables sewing on the covers of horse-hide. Grasping a ball firmly in her left hand, with her right hand one of the young women thrust a three cornered needle through the thick pieces of the cover and drew them firmly together.

In less than ten minutes her work was completed. A smart girl can cover two or three dozen of the best, and eight dozen of the cheapest grades of balls in a day. The wages earned weekly range from $7 to $9. The balls are afterward taken to the packing room where the seams are smoothed down and the proper stamps are put on. The best balls are made entirely of yarn and india rubber.

"My brother was one of the pioneers in this business" said the manufacturer. "He was the inventor of the two-piece cover now in general use throughout the country. If my brother had only patented his invention the members of our family would now be wearing diamonds instead of bits of white glass in our shirt fronts. Ball covers are made, almost without exception, of horse hide; which costs three dollars a side. The capacity of our factory, when we get our new moulding machines in working order will be about 15,000 balls daily, each machine being expected to turn out 1,200 balls a day.

Nitro-Glycerine Bombs.

The nitro-glycerine bomb is a recent addition to destructive projectiles, its serviceableness in reducing entrenchments being, it is claimed, unexcelled. In its construction a heavy conical shell is first cast and so arranged that one end is much heavier than the other, one end being also closed with a tightly fitting cap, screwed on after charging. The interior of the shell is divided into three compartments, each separated by a heavy plate glass cap; the division farthest from the open end is filled with sulphuric acid, the next with glycerine, and the outer one with nitric acid—these three elements being the component parts of nitro glycerine. A small opening through the center of the cap fitting the open end of the projectile admits a steel rod, to each end of which is firmly attached a small circular piece of metal, the inner end resting against the first; the outer cap is then screwed on, and the projectile is ready for service. According to the principle of gravitation, the heavy end naturally strikes the ground first, the steel rod is driven through the plate glass partitions, the chemicals are mingled, and a nitro-glycerine discharge takes place.

Cemetery at Sebastopol.

The Russian cemetery at Sebastopol would be considered a handsome necropolis anywhere. The men are laid away in batches in great graves, but the officers lie in separate ones. The tombs in many instances are veritable monuments. Among them are column and bust over the remains of Prince Gortschakoff, commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in the Crimea, who died in Warsaw in 1861, but who "desired to be buried amid those defenders of their country who did not permit the enemy to enter their fatherland further than where their graves stand." But the most conspicuous object in the cemetery is a magnificent memorial chapel of granite, marble and bronze, in the form of of a pyramid over one hundred feet high, the walls of which, inside and out, are covered with the names of all who took part in the defence of Sebastopol, and for whom prayers are daily offered up.

Good that comes too late is as good as nothing.

Telegraphy.

We have often heard of the wonderful line between this country and Teheran, the Capital of Persia, a distance of 3800 miles, but we scarcely realized the fact that good signals were obtainable through so great a length of wire until recently when we availed ourselves of an invitation from Mr. Andrews, the managing director of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, to make a visit of inspection. It was between 7 and 3 on Sunday evening, April 13, when we reached the office. In the basement of an unpretentious building in old Broad street we were shown the Morse printer in connection with the main line from London to Teheran. The courteous clerk in charge of the wire, Mr. Blagrove, informed us that we were through to Emden, and with the ease with which one "wires" from the city to the West end, we asked a few questions of the telegraphist in the German town. When we had finished with Emden, we spoke with the same facility to the gentleman on duty at Odessa. This did not satisfy us, and in a few seconds we were through to the Persian capital (Teheran). There were no messages about, the time was favorable, and the employes of the various countries seemed anxious to give us an opportunity of testing the capacity of this wonderful line. T. H. N. (Teheran) said "Call Kurrachee," and in less time than it takes to write these words we gained the attention of the Indian town. The signals were good, and our speed must have equalled 15 words a minute. The operator at Kurrachee, when he learned that London was speaking to him; thought it would be a good opportunity to put us through to Agra, and to our astonishment the signals did not fail, and we chatted pleasantly for a few minutes with Mr. Malcolm Khan, the clerk on duty. To make this triumph of telegraphy complete, Agra switched us on to another line, and we were soon talking to a native telegraphist at the Indian Government Cable Station, Calcutta. At first the gentleman "at the other end of the wire" could not believe that he was in direct communication with the English capital, and he exclaimed in Morse language, "Are you really London?" Truly this was a great achievement. Metallic communication without a break, from 18 old Broad street, London, to the telegraph office in Calcutta! 7000 miles of wire! The signals were excellent, and the speed attained was not less than 12, perhaps 14, words per minute.

Bombay Street Scenes.

A correspondent says: Bombay is exceedingly interesting to me. I love to soak my handkercheif in camphor, and then start off in the edge of the evening for a long ramble on foot, oblivious of the danger from cholera and other prevalent pestilences.

Here is a single, lone Chinaman—the only one I have seen in all Bombay—who is stepping along to his shoe shop. Here is a group of my esteemed countrymen, as I immediately gather from the gilt inscription, "U. S. S. Trenton," around their hat bands, and also from their blue sailor suits. They are slightly moistened with benzine, I can see, and I have grave doubts as to the nature of their mission ashore; but they compare so favorably with the men from the British ships in conduct, that I do not rebuke them as I pass by. Here are some bootblacks, the first I have seen since leaving San Francisco. Your shoes are always blacked by the hotel porter, or the steamer porter in these parts, so that the business of the street urchin is sadly injured. I do not hear the familiar American cry, "Shine yer boots?" These Hindoo bootblacks should visit New York and see how it is done.

Here a great crowd of natives are looking off at the sky over the bay. I look also, but see nothing. I move on further until I come in sight of the seashore, when I discover thousands and thousands of people sitting down and gazing at the blank cloudless sky. I ferret out a Parsee (the Parsees almost always speak English) and he explains it all to me, This is the first day of the Hindoo New Year, and it is a great national custom to look for the new moon. After much looking I discover the queen of night—the smallest crescent I have ever seen.

The streets are thronged with men, women and children, all attired in costumes that are more showy than any I have ever seen elsewhere in the world. A series of terrific shrieks now rise above the Babel of street cries. I elbow my way along to the scene of operations and find that a Hindoo is piercing the nose of one of his daughters, aged perhaps 10 years. This is, of course, a part of everp Hindoo girl's education, but it is a medicine that is not appreciated in the taking. The means adopted for performing the operation are rather primitive. The child's head is held by one person, while another jams the wire of the jewel through the shrinking cartilage of the nostril.

Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

A day to come shows longer than a year that's gone.

He who revealeth his secret, maketh himself a slave.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

He's a wise man, who, when he's well off, can keep so.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

A blunt edge will sometimes do what a sharp edge will not.

All reform is the flower and fruit of the great tree of faith.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

Defaming or slandering others is the greatest of all sins.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, and dumb to the inquisitive.

No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

Some men of bad habits are like fishes, and are not cured until after death.

Keep to the right, the law directs; keep from the world thy friends' defects.

If it could be possible that skimmed milk is best for food, cows would give it that way.

When a man threatens to give you a piece of his mind he wishes to destroy the peace of yours.

When you marry you fondly expect to see the end of your troubles, but you can't tell which end.

The most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, have nothing to recommend themselves.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

There are some persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.

The pity which is not born from experience is always cold. It cannot help being so; it does not understand.

The more self is indulged the more it demands, and, therefore, of all men, the selfish are the most discontented.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmuring of the brook and the rustling of the corn.

There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship, and act enmity, is a sure proof of total depravity.

Antithesis may be the blossom of wit but it will never arrive at maturity unless sound sense be the trunk and truth the root.

Few things are necessary to make a wise man happy. Nothing contents a fool, and this is why many men are miserable.

A wise man looks upon men as he does upon horses; all their caparisons of title, wealth and place he considers but as harness.

No school is more necessary to children than patience because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.

"Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but some people wouldn't know very much if they obeyed it implicitly.

We must necessarily live in the element we create around us. Then, to be happy ourselves, we must make those around us happy.

It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth, than one intrepid enough in the face of opposition to stand up for it.

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband.

Good breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of the mansion, but, if God, be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

He that visits the sick in hope of a legacy, let him be never so friendly in all other cases, I look upon him in this to be no better than a raven that watches a weak sheep only to pick out its eyes.

'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it, to enlarge it without swelling it, to make it more capable and more earnest to know, the more it knows.

A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting and immediately growing in its place.

Shakespeare, with all his wisdom, said some funny things. "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voices; take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment," might lead a good many to a repetition of the experience of the man and his donkey.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose; in constant motion without getting a jot; talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them hot, and with those that are he only burns his fingers.

JUNE.

Violets in shady places,—
  Sweetest flowers were ever seen!—
Hosts of starry dandelions,—
  "Drops of gold among the green!"

Pale arbutus, fairy wind-flowers,
  Innocents in smiling flocks;
Coolest ferns within the hollows,
  Columbines among the rocks;

Dripping streams, delicious mosses.
  Tassels on the maple-trees;
Drowsy insects, humming, humming;
  Golden butterflies, and bees;

Daffodils in garden borders,
  Fiery tulips dashed with dew;
Crocus-flowers; and, through the greenness,
  Snow-drops looking out at you!

A LEAP YEAR EPISODE.

"I wouldn't marry John Marryatt not for a thousand pounds!" said Avice Mere.

And she said it, too, exactly as if she meant it, with reddened cheek, eyes full of hazel fire, and two small dimpled fists clenched tightly.

"My dear," said Penlope Paxton, one of those jovial old maids who are privileged to say anything, "you remind me of a famous historical character."

"I?" said Avice, momentarily off her guard.

"Yes," said Penelope. "Miss Betty Baxter, who refused Capt. Jones before he axed her!

"Oh, it isn't that!" protested Avice, rosier than ever. "Of course Mr. Marryatt has no idea of asking me; why should he have? And if he did, I shouldn't accept him."

"Miss Betty Baxter," monotonously chanted Penelope, "who refused——"

"Penny, do be quiet!" said Avice, stamping her foot in genuine annoyance. "You know what I mean!"

"No, I don't," said Penny. "And I don't believe you know yourself."

"He said it was Leap Year," pleaded indignant Avice.

"So it is," said Penny, "get the almanac, and look for yourself. Four into eighteen hundred and eighty-four goes——"

"Penelope, can't you talk common sense?"

"To be sure I can, if you will set me the example!" gravely responded Miss Paxton.

"And he told Dr. Darien he wasn't coming to our party to-morrow night, because he didn't want to be married against his will."

"Well, after all, there's something in that," said Penelope reflectively. "I never was a man myself; but I can imagine that, under the circumstances, a cold shiver would go all through me."

"Penny," said Avice solemnly, "do you really, seriously think that one of us girls ever thought of marrying John Marryatt?"

"That is a question which I am not prepared to answer," said Miss Paxton.

And Avice ran out of the room, and was surprised to find herself crying over the clove-scented blossoms of her favorite carnations in the bath room window.

"I'm sure I don't know why, "sobbed she, "I hate John Marryatt, and I think it was horrid of Dr. Darien to go and repeat what was said to him in confidence! And if John Marryatt really believed that—that——There, I won't think of it any more!"

"Leap Year, indeed! Why do people talk such a string of nonsense because the month of February happens to have twenty-nine days in it instead of twenty-eight?"

In the meantime Mr. Marryatt had packed his valise and gone off to visit an old uncle who was at the point of death.

"It won't be a very cheerful visit," said he to himself, "but it will be better than a state of siege, for I have been told, on good authority, that every one of those girls means to get engaged at the leap-year party.

"It will be the old story of the Sabines over again, with the sexes reversed. And when I marry—if I marry—I intend to have at least the privilege of choice. So I'll just go up to Uncle Origen's."

Uncle Origen's farm house was on the top of a bleak hill, where a few dwarfed cherry trees shook and shuddered in the wintry blasts and the cows huddled in the shelter of the hayracks to keep from being blown away.

"I think we're going to have a storm," said Mr. Marryatt. "I am quite certain I smell snow in the air. And there are more cheerful places during a northeast wind than Uncle Origen's house!"

In fact he was almost disposed to be sorry that he had come, when he stood there knocking and thumping with the handle of his umbrella at the shrunken panels of the front door.

Pretty soon a crooked old man, with his garments fastened with tow strings, instead of buttons, came shuffling to the door and peeped suspiciously around it.

"Eh?" said he, with one hand back of his poor old purple ear. "Pears to me I heard somebody knocking, didn't I?"

"Yes, it's me," said our hero—"John Marryatt, don't you know?"

"Married?" squeaked the old man. "To whom?"

"John—Mar—ry—att!" distinctly repeated the visitor. "How is my Uncle Origen?"

The crooked old man sheltered his candle-flame with one hand and stared as if he were gradually being transformed into one huge eye.

"Land sakes alive!" said he. "Did you not know he was buried yesterday."

Here was a cheerful welcome for a city visitor!

"But what can I do?" said Marryatt, with a helpless gaze down the darkening hillside. I came to visit him. I had not heard——"

"Walk in, walk in," said the old man, holding the flaring candle high above his head, and flattening himself against the whitewashed wall. "It's pretty lonesome here; but there's the deceased's chamber you can sleep in, and I trapped a rabbit in the pine-wood this morning that Isabella's just stewing up, and——"

"Isabella?" repeated John Marryatt.

"She's the old woman's charge—my sister," explained the ancient warder of the castle. "Ain't much to look at, but a proper good cook."

"But," said Mr. Marryatt, "I don't think I care about sleeping in the room where Uncle Origen died."

The old man stared at him with dull, glassy eyes.

"Eh?" said he. "Why not? You don't b'live in sperritoocalism, do you?"

"Nonsense!" cried Marryatt.

"Then why ain't one room as good as another?" asked the old man, stolidly.

"Nevertheless, I would prefer to go on to the nearest hotel," impatiently uttered John.

"Ain't none short o' seven miles, said the old man. "And that's only a summer machine. They don't run it arter the waterfalls friz up. But there's a freight train, with a passenger caboose hitched on, that stops at Cutting Corners at midnight."

"Where is Cutting Corners?"

"Eight miles away."

"And how the dickens do you suppose I am to get eight miles from here, when it is pitch dark already?" cried Marryatt, with not unnatural irritation.

"There's Jenkin's one-hoss wagon," mildly suggested the old man. "I'm goin' to Jenkin's d'rectly, arter a box o' stove blacking, a paound o' taller dips and a quarter of a paound o' green tea for Isabella. I can tell Jenkins to come raound and cart ye to the station, ef ye don't grudge a crown."

"By all means," said Mr. Marryatt, hurriedly. "And while you are gone, Isabella, as you call her, can give me some supper."

He sat down in the old low-ceiled room, where the rag-carpet seemed neither brighter nor dimmer than it had done twenty years ago, and warmed his chilled feet before a blaze of snapping logs; while old Isabella, who might have appeared creditably at any tableau as the "Witch of Endor," crept around an iron pot which swung from a prodigious crane, and got supper, after a slow and inefficient manner.

"Pretty gay in town this winter?" said old Isabella, brandishing her spoon over him, in the manner of an incantation, as she watched him eat the rabbit stew, after it was dished.

"I suppose so."

"I'm a-thinkin' of goin' there myself," said Isabella, mumbling her toothless jaws.

"To take a situation?" asked Marryatt, inwardly thinking that he could not conscientiously give her a recommendation as cook.

"Bless your 'art, no!" said Isabella. "I know a sea captain there as ain't married; and they tell me the gals is all pickin' and choosin' for themselves, now that leap year has come round. Anyhow, I'm tired o' this place, and I don't see why my chance ain't as good as another's."

Mr. Maryatt stared at her in mute amazement while he secretly deplored the sad case of the unsuspecting sea-captain.

"P'raps you wouldn't mind keepin' a heye on the fire," said the gentle Isabella, "while I jest go over and look to see if Simon has locked the hen-house. Simon's dreadful forgetful."

And she hobbled away.

At the same time there came a loud and emphatic knocking at the outer door, and a stout country girl, with cheeks of that peculiar red which shines as if it had been varnished, very black eyes, and coarse black hair, walked in, well wrapped up in a red and green plaid shawl, and a fearful felt hat which looked like a damaged helmet.

"I've come for Mr. Marryatt," said she, without any ceremony of introduction.

Instinctively our hero backed against the wall.

"What!" cried he.

"You're Mr. Marryatt, ain't you?" said she.

"That's my name," retreating still further behind the stiff wooden-backed chair, where Uncle Origen used to sit and smoke his pipe.

"Well, I'm come for you. You ain't deaf, be you? I'm—come—for—you!"

"Yes; but—I——"

"There ain't no time to lose," bawled this daughter of solitudes, seizing him by the arm. "This here's your baggage?" grasping the valise in the other hand.

This was Leap Year with a vengeance, thought our perspiring hero.

With one desperate struggle he freed himself.

"I won't go," said he. "Nothing can compel me to, against my will."

"You won't?" said the red-cheeked damsel,

"No, I won't," said Mr. John Marryatt.

"Then you will miss the train, as sure as serpents!" said the red-cheeked damsel. "And it won't be no fault of mine. Father has had the rheumatics, and I promised him I would come for you."

"Oh, the train—I see," cried Mr. Marryatt. "I didn't quite comprehend your meeting at first. Yes, I'll come immediately."

And the red-cheeked damsel, who proved to be no despicable charioteer, rattled down the frozen mountain-road, with considerable skill and energy, reaching the solitary station just as the freight-train came in sight around a curve.

So, Mr. Marryatt arrived in town just in time to see the sunrise glow irradiate the red-brick chimney pots behind the Delavan House.

"Not married yet," he said to himself; "but I will as soon as possible if she will have me. I'll run no more such risks as this?"

That very afternoon he called at Dr. Mere's house and proposed to Avice—and Avice accepted him. Yes, she accepted him!

"But did you really say that," asked Avice, feeling it her duty to admonish her swain a little—"that—that you did not want to be married against your will?"

"Of course I said it," answered Marryatt, "and I meant it. I don't intend to be married against my will; I intend to be married with it. And did you really say you wouldn't marry John Marryatt for a thousand pounds?"

"And I wouldn't!" cried Avice, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Not for twice that money; but—just because I love him!"

So they both were happy and laughed heartily over the adventures at Uncle Origen's house.

And when Penelope Paxton next saw the bride-elect, she chuckled and said:

"So it isn't to be a case of 'Miss Betty Baxter, after all!"

A Black Dudeen.

It was a "bloomer" car rattling along up Washington street, Boston. It was scarcely half filled, with plenty of room "forrard." At Franklin square a party of half a dozen ladies stood upon the crossing, poking their sun-shades at the driver. The car came to a halt and the urbane conductor smilingly alighted and assisted his passengers to their seats. While he was thus employed another lady approached the waiting car and, unobserved by him, slipped into one of the rear seats. The car started and as the smiling conductor returned to his place on the rear platform he discovered his new passenger.

"Madam," said the conductor, no longer smiling, "these rear seats are reserved for smokers. You must go forward."

"For smokers, is it?"

The bell rang and the car came to a stop.

"Yes, for smokers. You must go forward. Come, the car is waiting."

"An' is it go forward I must?"

"Yes; that's the rule. Come, hurry."

Six cars now formed a procession in the rear. Drivers were swearing, conductors hurrying forward to see what was the matter, and passengers were craning their necks out of the windows and speculating as to the meaning of the delay.

"An' these seats are for smokers?"

"Yes, they are. Come, hurry."

"An' I must move forrard or smoke?"

"Yes, you must."

"Begorra, then, an' I'll smoke. Have ye a match?"

And the lady drew from her pocket a black dudeen, which she proceeded to light, and leaning back in her seat puffed contentedly away. The conductor pulled the bell with energy and the procession moved on, but it was fully five minutes before he fully recovered his breath.

Amend Your Verdict.

The train was just entering Erie, Tenn., when we heard the sharp toot! toot! toot! of the whistle, and such passengers as looked from the windows saw an aged African with a bundle over his shoulder straight ahead on the track. The whistle was blown and the bell rung, but he paid no attention, and all of a sudden the cow-catcher picked him up and flung him fifty feet to one side. A gang of men brought the body to the depot, and among the dozen of us who stopped off at the village a coroner's jury was selected. It seemed a plain enough case. The man came to his death by being struck by a locomotive on the L. & N. Road. Such was the verdict rendered, but no sooner was it announced than the coroner observed:

"Gentlemen, return and amend your verdict. You haven't said anything about carelessness."

We returned to the room and amended by adding that the engineer was blameless in the case, and the coroner received us with:

"Very good, gentlemen, as far as it goes, but the man was probably deaf, and it would be well to amend the verdict accordingly."

We went back and amended to make the victim as deaf as a hitching-post, but we were not through yet.

"You haven't got the name of the county in your report, and you don't say whether it was a freight or a passenger train," observed the coroner.

We returned to the room for another tussle, and were just congratulating ourselves on having everything shipshape, when the coroner put his head into the doorway and called out:

"Gentlemen, amend your verdict! The confounded African has come to life."

And when we rushed out to the freight house he was sitting up on end asking if anybody had seen his bundle.

Move On.

There was a streak of shade about six inches wide and nine feet long at corner of Congress and Griswold streets, Detroit, reccently, and a great hulk of a man, coat off, hat in hand, and rivulets of perspirarion pouring down his face, crowded a boy out of it and stood there and groaned and panted like a sick horse.

"Boy!" he said, as he began to feel a little better, "I'm the biggest fool in America."

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply.

"Last winter I raved and took on about the cold. I swore that this was no country to live in. I wanted to shoot coal dealers and stove makers, and I whooped around because the street cars weren't warmed. Boy, see me now."

"Yes, sir, you are melting right away."

"Correct. It wasn't three weeks ago that I wanted to knock a man down for predicting that we'd have any summer, and now just think of 98 degrees in the shade!"

"Regular creek pouring down the back of your neck, sir."

"I know it—I know it! There are creeks and rivers running lengthways and crossways of me until I want to swim, and yet in May I went blowing around here that any man who'd live in such a cold country ought to be sent to a fool asylum. Boy!"

"Yes, sir."

"I crowded you out of your shade. It was a mean trick. Here's a quarter to soothe your feelings. I'm going to take that car for home. When I get there I'm going to have a piece of frozen oil-cloth spread over the cellar floor, and I'm going to lay down on it and have ice heaped around me until I'm frozen as solid as a bone. Boy!"

"Yes, sir."

"Let this country alone. She's all right. Let the weather alone. She knows her business. Please empty the water out of my coat pockets, mop the back of my neck like a good boy, and I'll move on.

A NEW hoop saves an old tub, but new cider will burst an old barrel.

Harem Life in Egypt.

Universally the Moslem women know nothing of life, being simply pieces of furniture in their homes. With no education, they are strangers to the interests and affairs of their masters. Decked out with fine dresses and jewelry, they are sensuously content. They amuse themselves in crunching melon-seeds, eating candy, smoking cigarettes, and showing their jewelry, and fine toilets to their friends. Living a life of ease and indolence, they are never supposed to soil their hands with labor or rack their brains with thought. When they toil their sole occupation is to beautify themselves. When young they are well made; their extremities are fine, and their hands are soft, white and supple, and they might be likened to the budding flower which opens at the first rays of the morning sun.

Their complexions are white and their cheeks tinged with rose; their eyes are sometimes blue, but that is exceptional; they are generally black as jet, and when fully open are of almond form and full of sensibility and delicate sweetness. They never conceal them, and gallant men often confess that they have interfered with their repose of mind. It is pleasing to speak of these beauties, for they have few to admire even this much of their comeliness. The houses, many of them, are elegant and so constructed as to conceal the hidden glance of the fair who are doomed to eternal isolation when without a vail, as no woman can be seen lawfully by any other man than her husband. She is forbidden the homage which all nature demands. Controlled by a powerful hand, and bound irrevocably by custom, she is compelled not only to kiss the hand of her tyrant, but to hug the chain which manacles her.

This despotism is the more extraordinary on the part of the men, inasmuch as they pretend to feel delight in beautiful objects of nature; they will watch the play of birds for hours, and think it a crime to disturb or deprive them of the free air they breathe. Yet they incarcerate the loveliest and most beautiful of all the Creator's works, and think it a great favor to permit woman's enjoyment of a flowering shrub in some hidden recess.

So binding is the law that no man shall see the face of a woman not his property, that in case of a violation of its sanctity it looks with favor on the action of the injured husband should he solace his jealousy with the death of the intruder. It is not even permitted to recognize a woman out of the harem. In spite of strenuous precautions and difficulties which environ them, Moslem women, eluding the greatest watchfulness are fond of coquetting, like their western sisters. Though entirely uncultivated they have delicate and pretty ways, and show, as if by accident, their beautiful dresses and jewelry in opening the black silk habarah which envelops them when on the street. No women excel them in the language of the eyes, which, with them, are always large and wide open.

Petrified Logs.

The United States snagboat Tocoi returned to the Savannah river recently, where she is having some her machinery overhauled. She was, until a couple of weeks ago, employed in clearing out the Altamaha river, from its mouth to the Oconee river. The Tocoi is of comparatively light draft, but one of the most powerful boats of her class in the Government service. She was furnished with a good supply of dynamite cartridges and an electric battery, which were found efficacious in the work she undertook. A large number of rocks, many projecting pieces of raft timber, besides several trees, were removed from the channel, so that the river is quite clear for timber rafts and light-draught steamers.

Among the obstacles to navigation which the Tocoi encountered were a number of petrified trunks of trees, heavier than the largest stones that were taken from the bottom of the river. About thirty miles up the river from the Savannah, Florida and Western railway bridge, a large gum tree first formed an obstruction, over twenty years ago. This huge trunk has broken up some very valuable rafts of timber that were being floated to Darien and has directly and indirectly caused a great deal of annoyance to all persons who are interested in the business on the river. There is a bend where the obstruction lies and the locality came to be familiarly known among the people as the "Scooping Gum Bend." Here the raftsmen were always in dread expectation of having the timber in their charge "scooped in" or broken up by contact with the obstruction referred to and carried rapidly out of their control by the current, which flows swiftly at this point.

When the Tocoi undertook to lift this sunken tree from the river bed it was discovered that a monster of no insignificant proportions and weight had to be dealt with. The powerful engines and tackle of the boat were found unequal to the task, and hence the obstruction had to be broken up with dynamite and the pieces taken up separately. The entire trunk had completely petrified and was as heavy as iron. One of the pieces was estimated to weigh about seventy tons. Some of the fragments were exceedingly beautiful, being of different colors—some black, others crimson and violet, and other contrasting shades.

The Swamp Country.

Life in the Mississippi swamp is unique, but perharps never so much so as during that memorable Summer. The shallowest water for indefinite miles in any direction, was two feet deep, the nearest land, the "Hills of the Arkansaw," 30 miles away. The mules were quartered on the upper floor of the gin house; the cattle had been all drowned long ago; planter, negroes and overseer were confined in their respective domiciles, the grist-mill was under water, and there was no means of preparing corn for culinary purpores except a wooden hominy mortar. The hog and hominy diet (so highly extolled by some people who never lived on it) was adopted of necessity, the former being represented by mess pork, salter than tongue can tell.

There were no visitors, except now and then a sociable snake which no doubt, bored by swimming around indefinitely in the overflow and craving even human companionship, would glide up on the gallery of some of the houses. There was no means of locomotion except the skiff and the humble, but ever serviceable dug-out—nowhere to go and nobody within a day's journey otherwise or more comfortably situated. The only sense of sympathy from without was had from remote and infrequent glimpses of the gallant steamer "J. M. White," which leaping from point to ponit, made better time from New Orleans to St. Louis than was ever made before or many years after.

That year, 19 plantations out of 20 failed to produce a single pound of cotton or a single bushel of corn and when the flood was over and the swamp Noah's came out of their respective arks, they were, to say the least, malcontent. They were not ruined, of course, but they had lost a whole year's gross income.

Moreover, the prestige of the swamp as a cotton country was wofully diminished. The planters in the "Hills," as the uplands are denominated began to hold up their heads, no longer overcrowded by the extraordinary crops alleged to have been heretofore produced in the swamp.

The swamp planters set to work to redeem the disaster and to provide, as far as possible, against its recurrence. With the purpose of retrieving their financial fortunes they took some unique measures. There is a tradition that, at a public meeting held in Greenville Miss., in October, 1844, among other commonplace resolutions one was gravely and unanimously adopted to the effect that a demand of payment within twelve months from that date of any debt, great or small, upon any planter who had been overflowed that year should be considered distinctly "personal"—a clear case for pistols and coffee. The code was certainly a curious institution, but probably this is the only instance in which it was expected to do duty as a stay law.

Pilots and Color Blindness.

"What sort of a light do you call that?" asked the pilot of a Hudson river steamboat of a reporter of the Kingston Freeman as a craft was on its way to the metropolis, a night or two ago.

"I would call that a red light and the other one green."

"Correct," said the man at the wheel, "you ain't color blind."

"You talk as if color blindness," said the reporter to the pilot, "were much more prevalent than is generally supposed."

"That's just what the matter is, and, I tell you, the color blind examinations at Albany has resulted in the laying off of one or two of the best pilots that ever steered a boat on this river. Did I ever tell you how to examine a pilot. Well here goes. You see I heard so darned much about the examination before I went that I was not quite sure in my own mind whether I was all right or not. I had heard that they put a man down in a cellar with all the colors of the rainbow around him, and that they gave him a bundle of yarn containing every color, and he had to be able to tell every one of them. But that is all nonsense."

"Who examined you?" queried the reporter.

"A doctor, and, says he, as he handed me a bunch of green worsted about as thick as your thumb, 'what color is that?' says I 'that's green,' and says he 'you are quite sure it ain't black?' 'Dead sure,' says I, and I was. 'Right' says the doctor, 'but do you know that many men who come in here are ready to swear that green bunch is made up of black threads and black only?' Then as he talked he chucked me a bunch of red, and says he kind o' pleasant like, 'Just pick out all the bunches that match that in that chair.' The chair was full of all kinds of bunches, and I kept a throwing out the different kinds of red. By and by I struck a mean kind of a deceitful pink color, and I put that in the palm of my left hand while I sorted the others. And the doctor, says he, for he had his eyes on me all the time, he had, though you never would have thought it, 'What are you doing with that bunch in your hand?' And I said, 'It ain't the color I want.' Then he laughed, and says he, 'you'll do, you will. Why I've had men tremble and shake as if they had the ague when I have asked them just such a question.' Then he told me how pilots would beg sometimes to be passed. 'Often,' he said, he would send them home and tell them to come back to-morrow or some other day, but they would keep on calling blue green and green black, and even red white.' The doctor said men were born color blind, they didn't get so in course of time. And I believe him.

"Do you have to pass an examination every year?"

"No, once is enough for the Albany doctor. His certificate that I am all right is on the back of my license paper; you can see it over there." And then the wheelman, who had the lives of many people in his hands, as it were, pointed out the various crafts at anchor and others under way. He could tell them as well in the inky darkness, evidently, as in the daytime. Pilots are a level-headed lot of men, and all of them have opinions of their own.

Paper Bottles.

A great trade in paper bottles is growing up in Germany and Austria. Ten per cent. of rags, forty of straw, and fifty of brown wood pulp are used in making them. Thin paper is coated and impregnated with a solution composed of sixty per cent. of defibrinated fresh blood, thirty five of lime, and five of sulphate of ammonia; dry and coat again; put ten or twelve sheets together and then dry in heated moulds under pressure. They are made in two pieces and joined afterward, and are said to be perfectly proof against spirits and other liquids.

Mr. W H Preece, while praising the light obtained from electricity in a lecture delivered in London the other evening, strongly condemned electric lighting finance.

The Luxury of Grief.

In one of the most crowded tenement house districts a funeral was in progress a day or two ago, when a reporter for a New York paper passed by. Twenty-four coaches, a hearse and a florist's wagon stood near at hand. From the last-named vehicle men were busy carrying various floral devices into the house. The thousand windows that lined the street on either side were full of heads, and the heads were full of eyes. Thinking some one of local celebrity at least was about to be carried to his long home, the reporter approached the undertaker, who stood in the doorway, and asked:

"Was the deceased a ward politician, or is this a society funeral?"

"Neither. It is a private affair, and the dead man was only a plumber's helper."

"But these broken columns, these floral pillows and harps, this numerous assemblage of coaches—surely they are—"

"The luxuries of grief," said the undertaker interrupting. "It is the poor man that has the largest funeral. It is what he lives for. He goes with plain clothes, eats coarse food, and lives in crowded tenements, all that he may have a large show when he dies. The importance of a certain class of people in this city is measured by their ability to bury their dead relations in style. Here is a case for instance. I do not suppose the dead man ever earned more than $2 a day, while his funeral will cost $250. I do not like to charge so much, but if I don't do it some one else will."

"Then big funerals, costly ones, I mean, are a common thing among the poor?"

"Very, especially the poor Irish and Italians. They want the best make of coffins. Only solid silver plates will do for some of them, while in the matter of coaches they must have one for every family they have ever known. I have furnished funerals for parties for which I have had to charge $250, when I knew the people were so poor that they never had meat more than once a week. They desire to eclipse their neighbors in show. If one person comes to me and I furnish him with fifteen coaches, his neighbor will not be content with less than twenty, and so it goes. The poor laborer and mechanic is the best customer the florist and undertaker has. They always want a big show and pay cash for what they get. I remember going over to the Almshouse on the Island one day, and among the inmates was an old woman who came and spoke to me. She called me by name and seemed to know me very well, so I asked her now she knew me and what her name was. Imagine my surprise when she told me I had buried her son less than three months before that time. But it was true, and for that son's funeral, she had paid out nearly $500, and yet, here she was a pauper. Priests have committed to their trust immense sums for burial purposes, by people so poor that they cannot buy coal except by the pail. It's strange and sad, but still for all that it's true."

Color-Sense of Insects.

What proofs can be shown that the colors of insects are thus due to sexual selection? In the first place, we have the certain fact that bees at least, and probably other insects, do distinguish and remember colors. Not only so, but their tendency to follow color has been strong enough to produce all the beautiful blossoms of our fields and gardens. Moreover, we have seen that while bees which are flower haunters, are guided greatly by color, wasps, which are omnivorous, are guided to a less extent, and ants, which are very miscellaneous feeders, not at all. It may be objected that insects do not care for the color apart from the amount of honey; but Mr. Anderson noticed that when the corollas of certain flowers had been cut away the insects never discovered or visited the flowers; and Mr. Darwin lopped off the big lower petals of several lobelia blossoms, and found that the bees never noticed them, though they constantly visited the neighboring flowers. On the other hand, many bright colored bells have no honey, but merely make a great show for nothing, and so deceive insects into paying them a call on the delusive expectation that they will be asked to stay to dinner. Some very unprincipled flowers, like the huge Sumatran raffiesia, thus takes in the carrion flies, by resembling in smell and appearance a decaying piece of meat. Moreover, certain insects show a preference for certain special flowers over others. One may watch for hours the visits paid by a bee or butterfly to several dozens of one flower say a purple lamium, in succession, passing by unnoticed the white or yellow blossoms which intervene between them. Fritz Muller mentions an interesting case of a lantana, which is yellow on the first day, orange on the second, and purple on the third. "This plant," he says, "is visited by various butterflies. As far as I have seen, the purple blossoms are never touched. Some species inserted their proboses both into yellow and into orange flowers; others, as far as I have observed, exclusively into the yellow flowers of the first day." Mr. T. D. Lilly, an American naturalist, observed that the colored petunias and morning glories in his garden were torn to pieces by bees and butterflies in getting at the honey, while the white or pale ones were never visited. These are only a few sample cases out of hundreds in which various observors have noted the preference shown by insects for blossoms of a special color.

Sunshine.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

Do it well, that thou mayest not do it twice.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 30, '84.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Special Bargains

TO SHOW YOU. MAKE AN AFTER HARVEST PLEASURE TRIP TO

"THE FAIR"

or

"SUPPLY DEPOT."

——IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.——

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

☞ *SPECIAL.* ☜

We have secured from the manufacturers and importers some wonderful bargains in Jerseys that you will do well to avail yourselves of at an early date before the lines are broken.

1 *lot of Imported Jerseys in Blues, Blacks, Cardinal and Brown at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 50.

1 *lot of Cardinal at* $3 50, *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Blues at* $3 50 *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Black Braided, Pleated back, with Bow, Collar and French front at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 00.

1 *lot of Black, Pleated back, and with Bow at* $2 75, *regular price* 4 00

1 *lot of Black at* $1 25.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, June,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Had some very fine showers Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

——Gen. B. Frank Fisher will lecture at Aaronsburg, Saturday evening, August 2.

——Dr. Fisher, of Boalsburg, offers himself as a republican candidate for associate judge.

——Reformed corner stone laying at Aaronsburg, Sunday, August 10. The new church is to cost about $7000.

——The corn crop in this county will be none of the best. In Nittany valley it is a shade worse than in Penns valley. Apples will not be very plenty.

——Pennsylvania furnace has been put in blast by the Centre Mining Company, limited. This is one of the oldest existing furnaces in the state.

——Chas. Derstine, a graduate of the REPORTER office, now of Philadelphia, is here on a visit to his parents and looks fine. He gave the REPORTER a call, of course.

——Mr. Wagner, a member of the Lancaster bar, accompanied by Mrs. Wagner, is spending a few days in recreation among relatives in this county, and gave the "Reporter" a pleasant call.

— Major Harry Foster, of Bellefonte, who has a clerkship in one of the state departments at Harrisburg, spent a few days in our valley, and honored the REPORTER with a call.

——Rev. W. K. Foster, of this place, preached on Sunday, 27, at the following places: In the Presbyterian church, at Buf, X Roads, New Berlin and in the Buffalo Presb. church, Mifflinburg.

——If Lewins & Co. do not sell you ready-made clothing, for men and boys, at far lower prices than any body else in the state, then there is no use of snapping-turtles. They have the largest stock, best goods and lowest prices. Give them a call and see for yourselves.

——Stover's marble works are crowded with the finest specimens of work, and orders come in fast, as all agree that the handsomest headstones and monuments are put out at Stover's Bellefonte marble works, and at lowest prices. Send your order to above establishment if you want a fine job.

——It is thought that Blaine and Logan and Cleveland and Hendricks will be at Bellefonte some time during the summer to get new suits of clothing at the Philad. Branch. Invitations have been sent to these candidates by Lewins & Co., and they no doubt will come as they want to be nicely clad.

——Read advertisement of State College, in another column. Prof. Atherton has proven a very efficient head of this institution and is building it up. It is now one of the best equipped and managed colleges in the state.

——Mullens' Centre Hall shoe store has an assortment equal to any in the county, hence persons need not go out of the valley to buy. New stock will arrive in a few days—men, women and children can be fitted as well as suited in price.

——His Honor, Judge Hoy, gave the REPORTER a call. The judge has rendered the utmost satisfaction since he has occupied the bench and we trust the people will retain him. He is a safe man on the bench.

——Prof. Houtz, of Rock Springs, opened a school at this place on Monday. He has formed a class for the special benefit of those preparing to teach, and also a class for those preparing for college. Mr. Houtz is an experienced teacher, and we believe him to be one of the best instructors. His terms are reasonable; boarding at from $2½ to $3 per week.

— The Mifflinburg Sabbath schools will not have their contemplated excursion to Centre Hall as satisfactory arrangements could not be made with the railroad company—they would not consent to bring the excursion further than Spring Mills.

——We again caution Democrats against getting too warm over the candidates for nomination. Don't believe the silly stories that may be told, and give no ear to the pedler of petty slanders. All turn out to the Delegate elections and vote for the best and most competent Democrats.

——John Coldron is putting up some of the railroad bridges between this place and Linden Hall. He is also trying to bridge his way to the sheriff's office, and being a first-class carpenter may make a good job of it too.

——The cholera is raising quite an alarm in Europe and fears are had that it may spread to America. Don't let any scare deter you from going to the Philad. Branch when you want cheap clothing. You can buy a No. 1 suit for $10 less than elsewhere.

——The funeral of John White, at Zion, last Friday, who was killed instantly by a kick of a horse, was one of the largest witnessed in that town. White lived on the Gordon farm 2 miles from Zion.

——As the wheat crop was unusually large this year, we should be pleased to have returns from farmers as they thresh as to the yield per acre. Some should run as high as 35 bushels to the acre. Who can report the largest yield?

——Had copious rains, and the earth is thoroughly soaked. It commenced to rain on Monday evening and continued moderately all night. Tuesday there were occasional showers. Corn and potatoes will be greatly benefitted.

——Rev. Sarvis and lady, last week, entertained Messrs. Maggie Line and Alice Fulmer, of Altoona.

——The campaign is getting warm and ready-made clothing is going like hot cakes at the Philad. Branch. The rush is tremendous and bargains unsurpassed—summer suits can be had for a mere song. Pitch in for a suit, and save several days' wages in the purchase.

——The sale of the Stiver property has been postponed to August 9, at 9 a. m.

— The Republicans who announce themselves willing to take a county office are: Commissioner, H. C Campbell, of Ferguson, and J. O. Henderson, of Huston; Sheriff, Isaac Lose, sr., of Bellefonte, and Henry Robb, of Walker; Prothonotary, H. G. Elder, of Halfmoon; Pres't Judge, A. O. Furst and John G Love; Associate Judge, Dr. Fisher, Boalsburg; Assembly, E J. Walker, Boggs.

—Citizens of Gregg refute a misrepresentation affecting the present Commissioners, in another column of the REPORTER. Such things are often resorted to for mischief; the editor, being a candidate, has observed untruths put out on the sly, but they may fall harmless.

Valentines Store Co., Lim., is presenting every purchaser of a dress with a universal paper pattern—51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade. 2j4t

WHEAT! WHEAT!—Persons wanting clean seed wheat—Longberry—should send their orders in on or before August 20; price, 10 cents above market price. 23jul3t I. J. GRENOBLE.

Death of Capt. W. W. Potter.

Captain W. W. Potter died at his residence in Bellefonte, Tuesday evening, July 22, from an affection of the kidneys, aged sixty-five years. The *Daily News* of 23d says of him:

"Captain Potter was born at Potters Mills, in this county, and has made Centre county his home during all of his life time. There is no man in the county whose death will cause more universal regret. He possessed the respect and esteem of all who knew him and there is scarcely a man, woman or child in the vicinity to whom he was not known. He was the trusted agent of the Penn'a R. R. Co. of this place, which in his death will lose one whose services were invaluable to them. His name is connected with the history of this country not only because he was a life-long resident of it, but also because his ancestors were among its first and most distinguished settlers. About every foot of ground speaks of their presence, ownership and venerated memory. His wife and two sons survive him.

Capt. Potter was the son of James Potter, Sr. The date of his birth was March 8, 1819. He married Miss Sarah Irvin, the daughter of John Irvin, Sen., of Linden Hall. He leaves a widow and two sons—George L. and John I., the former of whom is married. Mr. Potter came to this place from Centre Furnace, about the year 1863 or '64. While in the latter place he managed a store connected with the firm of Irwin, Thompson & Co. He gained his military title before the war as the captain of a home military company. Soon after becoming ticket agent of the Penn'a R. R. Co. in this place he lost his right arm. He was very deeply concerned in the affairs the company under his charge and one night undertook to act as brakeman, pinning two freight cars together. His arm was caught between the cars and crushed so that amputation was necessary. He was a Presbyterian by religious faith, and his entire life was the embodiment of the very highest type of Christianity."

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

John H. Bibby has a lot of boarders from the cities; Col. Whitney, of Omaha, is among them, and is a gentleman and a good Democrat. He is fully satisfied that Cleveland and Hendricks will be elected. Persons traveling over the county asking favors of Democrats should also patronize the same party. Prof. Krise is building a house here, and when completed we trust he will occupy it himself—men like him are wanted here. James Kennelly's small child got to his bee hive and was severely stung—one time thought very dangerous but has recovered. Homan & Co. have started a birch beer manufacturing establishment in Kennelly's furniture building. McCool & Colyer are busy putting out sawed lumber. Persons wanting first-class shingles should call on them—prices reasonable. New wheat is coming into our market at 90 cents per bushel. Mrs. Mary Reninger moved to Tyrone. The nomination of county officers and representatives is close at hand; there are plenty of good and qualified men out for the different places, and we trust they will make a selection that will be a credit to the county and state; we want men that have a good Democratic record; men that do not ask more than the general rule of the party, and we will have a ticket that will give the national ticket strength. Mrs. Henry Krumrine is improving and expected to be taken home in a few weeks. Miss Maggie Hanna is in Kansas visiting friends and relatives. Mrs. I. J. Grenoble and family are visiting in Snyder county. Prof. Bitner and family are spending their vacation among their relatives and friends. The academy under Prof. Hosterman is flourishing—prospects for over 50 students. Rev. Krider Evans and family are spending a few weeks with his parents and P. of. Wolf. Rev. Wilson and family are enjoying themselves at the home of yore.

REFUTATION.

SPRING MILLS, July 25, 1884.

MR. EDITOR:—As a report has been circulated through the county to the effect that the citizens of Gregg township are dissatisfied with the actions of the present Board of County Commissioners, which report is a misrepresentation of facts and therefore not correct, and intended to deceive those who are not acquainted with the facts, we can cheerfully, and do proudly say that we are well satisfied with the actions of the present Commissioners, and believe the false report is only used as an electioneering scheme against Messrs. Greist and Wolf.

I. J. Grenoble,	J. B. Crawford,
M. L. Rishel,	F. W. Confer,
J. B. Fisher,	Sam'l Crawford,
Daniel Bartgus,	John H. McCool,
Wm. Fesler,	J. B. Heckman,
Samuel Ertle,	Jacob D. Breon,
John F. Gloss,	Amos Koch.
W. H. Bartholomew,	

HER FIFTY ASSAILANTS TO BE ARRESTED.

Pittsburg, July 25.—Detectives have been working vigorously on the case of Lizzie Bradley, the young woman who was robbed and assaulted, and this evening five men were arrested for complicity in the outrage. Twenty armed policemen in two 4-horse wagons to-night left for the laborers' camp, where she was found, to arrest the others—fifty laborers of all nationalities. The feeling against the prisoners is intense. The young woman is in a critical condition.

UNION CO. DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

The following ticket was nominated by the Union county democratic convention, on 28: For congress, A. H. Dill; senator, D. H. Himmelrich; assembly, John A. Gundy; register and recorder, Charles E. Hans; treasurer, David Leiby; commissioner, Thomas Reber; auditor, T. H. Bingaman; chairman county committee, J. W. Van Valzah.

TWENTY-EIGHT HORSES BURNED.

Albany, July 27.—The canal stables in West Troy were destroyed by fire last night. Of the 34 horses in the building 28 were burned to death. Loss, $18,000; insured.

RAGING FOREST FIRES IN UNION COUNTY.

A Watsontown dispatch, of 22d, says forest fires have been raging in the mountains in Union county west of here since Monday. The large tract of lumber owned by Thompson, Ryan & Co. sustained the greatest damage. All of yesterday and to-day men have been fighting the flames and with the aid of heavy rain this evening succeeded in putting out the fire. Yesterday the men employed in the camps gave out and the Sunbury and Lewisburg and neighboring fire compauies were telegraphed to for help. A fire company from Lewisburg and one hundred men from Mifflinburg responded and have been fighting the fire all last night and to-day. Large tracts of standing timber have been destroyed and $6,000 worth of bark and sawed lumber was burned.

——We have received from Richard A. Saalfield, 12 Bible House, N. Y., the following pieces of music: "Blaine's Grand March," by Wagner, which is a very effective piece, written in marked time. "Our Plumed Knight Leads the Way Campaign Song," by Harrison Millard. A stirring Republican song; he best of its kind we have seen. "Leaning o'er the Gate," by Danks, author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and over one hundred other well-known songs. "Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave so Deep," by Skelly. A song which has had an immense sale; the melody is sweet and the words taking. Each of the above pieces retail for 40c at music stores, but the publishers will send the four postpaid for 60 cents.

A storm in Eau Claire county, Wis., damaged crops and buildings to the extent of $20,000.

Each purchaser of a dress is presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte. 2j4t

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. Adam Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for President Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Judge Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that Henry Meyer, of Miles, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Leonard Rhone, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Fred'k Kurtz, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John A. Woodward, of Howard, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. Philip S. Fisher, of Zion, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that C. T. Alexander, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Barnhart, of Spring, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Christian Derr, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. Griffith, of Halfmoon, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Gramly, of Walker, (formerly of Miles,) is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. A. Shafer, of Bellefonte, (late of Walker,) is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. B. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank E. Bible is a candidate for re-nomination for Recorder, subject to Democratic usages.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that James A. M'Clain is a candidate for re-nomination for Register, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that John Q. Miles, of Huston, (Martha, P. O.,) is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Coldron, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Joseph L. Neff, of Boggs, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John S. Hoy, of Gregg, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John M. Furey, of Spring, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Wolf, of Miles, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

LIP-READING.

The latest development in psychological science is one which will bring the study into general favor, and do much to further the truly scientific habit of investigation by means of personal experiment.

This new development is called "lip reading." Men have diligently experimented in mind reading, muscle reading, and other occult methods of discovering the secrets of the mind, but it has been reserved for some pretty girls to discover a method of penetrating and even controlling the innermost emotions of the soul, without recourse to audible speech. Their plan, as we understand it, consists in bringing the lips of the investigator into close contact with those of the subject of the experiment, and discovering by mere sensation what the mood of the subject is.

The experiment is one which can be made without appliances or elaborate arrangements of any kind. It may be tried in the dusk over a gate or under the light of a chandelier equally well. There are no difficult conditions to be overcome, no atmospheric or other states to interfere with the results. Those who have tried it insist that the sensations experienced are rather pleasant than otherwise, and now that the superiority of lip-reading to all other methods of prosecuting psychological investigations has been demonstrated, the study of the curious facts of psychology is pretty sure to become widely popular in society and elsewhere.

As we have intimated, it is possible for any two persons to practice lip-reading, but the best results are obtained only when the experimenter and subject are of opposite sexes and between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, so far as the woman is concerned. With the man the limits of age are somewhat wider.

It should be said, also, that the presence of persons other than the experimenters somewhat impairs the interest of the experiments, and this is especially observable where the spectators are grave and elderly persons standing in the relation of parents to one or the other of the experimenters. A little attention to these details greatly facilitates experiments and enhances the interest of the study.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

In these realistic days, even the unfortunate lovers of Verona are stripped of their idealism. The popular idea of the play of "Romeo and Juliet" is that it is a story of two innocents loving each other, yet by untoward fate kept asunder, owing to the rivalry of their respective families. What, however, are the facts? Romeo is a young gentleman, who is always fancying himself in love. The passion is eternal, but the object varies. He has been pestering all his friends about his adoration for a certain Rosaline. No sooner does he see Juliet than she replaces Rosaline in his heart. With Juliet he gets on better than with Rosaline, but had it not been for the stratagem of the friar, and for his own reckless folly when he is told that she is dead, in a month later, he would probably have met some other fair one at a ball, and Juliet would have been deserted in her turn. As for Juliet, she is what her father calls her, a baggage. If she is a representative of female virtue in Verona, one cannot help asking what female vice was in that city? Romeo and Juliet see each other for the first time at a ball. They are naturally attracted to each other, before either has heard the other speak. Their flirtation is of the most *pronounce* kind, for after interchanging a few words they incontinently kiss each other. The very evening Romeo scales the wall of old Capulet's garden, and finds Juliet on a balcony informing the moon of her love. Romeo feels that his lines have fallen in facile ways. They vow eternal fidelity, etc., and Juliet makes an appointment to marry him for the next day. She cannot, however, even wait for the promised hour, and at early morning sends messages to her adorer by her nurse. They meet, and at once induce a friar to marry them. In the evening Romeo climes up by a ladder into Juliet's room. Then comes the news that she is to marry Count Paris. Romeo kills Tybalt in a brawl. Juliet declines to marry two men in one week, and by a mischance the two lovers commit suicide.

CHINESE WASH NAMES.

The names one sees scattered over the town projecting on shingles from the Chinese laundries are not the names of the proprietors, as many suppose, but of the laundries. They try to get a high-sounding title just as people in the country do with a new hotel or other enterprise. "Sam Wah" means the three harmonies, which is the leading idea of Buddhism—heaven, earth and man. "Sam Hop" means the three-fold union. "Sam Le" means the three-fold profit. "Van Le or Li" (they very in the spelling according to the district they come from) means profit a thousand fold. "I pun van li" means "I for capital, 10,000 for profit." "Hop Li" means harmony and profit. Few, if any, of the Chinamen in the Eastern cities have any name. They are of the vagrant class, the lowest of the low. A Chinaman of any prominence, even an artisan, changes his name three times. He receives a name from his father as an infant, he gets a book name when he goes to school and he receives his true and official name when he marries.

——Mr. J. C. Rankin has a fine drove of cattle at this place and will leave them here a few days. Go see them.

——A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 18c per pound. Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4. 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35. 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00. 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package. We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

Six persons were killed by lightning in Central Ohio Saturday night.

By a terrible cylone at Elenton, N. C., Saturday, the warehouses and wharves were destroyed. One child was killed and several people were wounded by falling timbers.

A very heavy rain, wind and hail storm passed over Kittanning, Pa., Saturday evening, doing great damage to grain, blowing down trees, and filling cellars with water.

At Canon City, Oregon, John Noon and his wife had a serious quarrel, which resulted in the former shooting and instantly killing the woman. Noon then blew out his brains. The cause of the trouble was jealousy.

Ex-Senator Chaffee, who loaned Grant & Ward a large sum of money without security, testified before Referee Call in New York. He said that at different times he loaned the firm over $300,000, but as a silent partner only drew out $37,000.

Five millions of bushels is the presumed Peninsular peach crop this year. Of this four millions will be sent to market and the rest evaporated, canned or consumed at home.

Strike prevail throughout the country to resist the reduction of wages, yet Mr Blaine contends for a further lease of Republican rule for the sake of the labor of the country.

AUGUST COURT.

Grand Jurors.—Huston, D Irvine, S Saxton.....Philipsburg, W E Irwine, C H Faulkner, E O Matteru.....Gregg, S J Herring, H P Heckman.....Union, H Potts, O Underwood.....Penn, Daniel Kerstetter.....Ferguson, J N Campbell.....Potter, B H Arney, Wm. Bower, John Harter.....Marion, Dan'l Harper, John Sutler.....Burnside, Wm. Craft.....College, W H Tibbens.....Benner, Geo. Kline.....Harris, H Weber.....Bellefonte, J J Olewine.....Taylor, H Davis.....Worth, A Sierner.

Traverse, First Week.—Bellefonte, J H Dobbins, J Y Thomas, S H Williams, J J McClure, G Marshall, T Gordon.....Snow Shoe, W Haines, T Eckley.....Benner, S A Marshall, C Dale, jr., W B Eckley.....Gregg, Ph. Shook, Wm. Lose, Wm. Weaver, S Bible.....Penn, Joseph Kleckner.....Millheim, G W Stover.....Ferguson, Wm. Maffat, A G Archy, J W Ellenberger, R Crider.....Spring, E G Osmer, D Sharrar, N F Weaver.....Liberty, Wm. Stover, N Kunes.....Halfmoon, G Loner.....Miles, Jonath Spangler, Jer. Jones, Reub Stover, Ben Beck, David Shafer.....Rush, J T Everly.....Walker, W Struble, F Emerick, John Breon, R F Holmes, Joseph Emerick.....Burnside, C Veidefer.....Howard, Wm. Eckly.....Philipsburg, R E Munson, S D Boyer, H O Hoffer.....Potter, H D Van Pelt, Geo. Emerick, M Derstine.....Milesburg, G W Campbell.....Haines, Fr. Limbert.

Traverse Second Week.—Ferguson, A L Orndori Howard, D W Pletcher, Adam Yearick, W F Leathers.....Bellefonte, R A Laird, A Miller.....Miles, J B Hazel.....Snow Shoe, J Gunsalus.....Penn, D Kimport, David Ard.....Haines, C Bright.....Rush, J Dumbleton, J Flory, A Bathgate, F W Webb.....Philipsburg, J Rhule.....Spring, G Haag.....Potter, H Shirk, D Heckman.....Howard, J A Shenk.....Gregg, Ben Limbert, W Bitner.....Haines, George Bower.....Harris, Adam Hartwick.....Keller.....Boggs, H L Barnhart.....Curtin, J A Daily.....Union, R S Stall.....Millheim, J C Smith.....Snow Shoe, W Emahiser.....Benner, H J Tressler.....Worth, Wm. Gates.....Spring, J T Tate.....Unionville, R Cambridge.

MARRIED.

On 27th, by Rev. F. Aurand, Mr. W. S. Lamey, of Sugar Valley, and Miss Sarah A. Condo, of Rockville.

DIED.

On June 28, at Potters Mills, Mrs. Catherine Lingle, aged 67 years.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 23, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	55½	—64
Wheat	"	84½	—05½
Oats	"	30½	—43
Pork	"	24.00	
Lard	"	7.17½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 90
White & Mixed	90
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears old	45
Oats	50
Buckwheat	50
Barley	5 50
Cloverseed	1 40
Timothy seed	2 00
Plaster, ground per ton	5 00

Flour, per barrel.....
Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, one mile west of Potters Mills, on Saturday, August, 9 at 9 a. m., the real estate of Thomas T. Stiver, dec'd, consisting of (1) a tract of highly improved farm-land, with all necessary farm buildings, orchard, good water, etc., thereon, containing 51 ACRES, more or less; and (2) a tract of timber land in the vicinity, containing 51 ACRES, more or less. For further information apply to P. O. Stiver Potters Mills, or on the premises. MARY F. STIVER,
SAMUEL L. STIVER,
16j2t WILLIAM B. STIVER, Executors.

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

This process of manufacture was invented by James Boss, who started in business in 1854, and the methods and tools used in making these watch cases are covered by patents. *This is the only watch case made under this process.* For many years the introduction of these goods was slow, owing to popular prejudice against "plated" goods, but gradually the public learned that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* was *not* a *cheap gold-washed* or *electro-plated* article, but was made of *genuine gold plates* of *standard quality* and *thickness.* Conscientious adherence to the determination to make the *best* watch case ever put on the market, and the adoption of every improvement suggested, has made the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* the STANDARD. In this watch case the parts most subject to wear—the *bow, crown, hinges, thumb-catches,* etc., are made of SOLID GOLD.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*)

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp., three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, August 9, '84, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on the east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ½ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Ream, and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc. Sale at 1 o'clock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises of Levi Reader, dec'd, about two miles southwest of Spring Mills, Saturday, August 2, '84, the following described real estate of Levi Reader, dec'd, a Valuable Tract of Land, in Gregg twp., Centre county, adjoining lands of Jacob Jameson, George Gentzel, Henry Vonada, Eli Smith, and others, containing about 80 ACRES, more or less, about 30 acres are clear, the balance white oak timber. Thereon erected a dwelling house and barn. On this tract is an orchard of apples and cherries, a good spring of water and a public road through the land.

Also the undivided ⅓ interest in a tract of land situated in Gregg township, adjoining lands of Daniel Breon, John Wagner, Jeremiah Heckman, Harvey Vonada, and others containing 25 ACRES and 56 perches, thereon erected a dwelling house, stable and Potter shop and other buildings. It has a stream of running water, and an orchard of good fruit. The half is well timbered with white oak and hemlock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JAMES D. GENTZEL,
SARAH READER, Adm'rs.

PETITIONER'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 441, August Term, 1883:—To John Minder or Nathan Minder, Jno. Minder, Jonas Minder, Benjamin Minder, Jacob Minder, Elias Minder, Elizabeth Fleisher, wife of Henry Fleisher, and Henry Fleisher: Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of August, 1883, the petition of Samuel Bechtol was presented setting forth that on the day of November, A. D., 1841, John Minder conveyed to him a certain tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 30°, east 158 perches to a post; thence south 30°, west 86 perches to a stone; thence north 30°, west 184 perches to a chestnut oak; thence north 60°, east 60 perches to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres and allowance, and joining lands of John Strohm, R. McKim, and other lands of John Minder, that the said John Minder executed a proper deed for the said premises to the petitioner, but that said deed was lost or mislaid, and praying the said Court to award a subpoena directed to all parties in interest to appear and show cause why said lost deed should not be supplied according to the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Whereupon the said Court awarded said subpoena and ordered an advertisement, giving notice of said application and requiring all persons whom it may concern to appear in Court on the 4th Monday of August next to make their answer upon oath or affimation to said bill or petition.

J. L. SPANGLER,
Attorney for Petitioner.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics. We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF **Cloths and Cashimeres.**

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,
WM. WOLF & SON.

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